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DARLING & KEITH,

34 Merchants Row, Boston, Mass.

Editorial.

MECHANICS IN AGRICULTURE.

Dairy Farm of D. O. Cargill.

Those who have but a superficial knowledge of the art of tilling the soil, who, perhaps, imagine that little is required of the farmer except to plough his land, plant the seed, and then harvest the abundant crops, are sometimes heard to complain of the business as being too narrow and as affording very little scope to the mind. If parents, entertaining such ideas of agriculture, have a son who shows a special fondness for mechanical work, one who can whittle out a water wheel or windmill and make it go, they are apt to believe that he must learn a trade, in order to give play to his mechanical tastes. But however true this may once have been, it is not absolutely true now. There is room for the use of a good deal of machinery on farms and ample opportunity is now afforded for the play of a farmer's mechanical tastes and inclinations. It is true that a man may be so much interested in mechanical work or invention, as to be unfitted for the ordinary details and care required of a successful practical farmer; so too, a man may so enjoy trading cattle or swapping horses, as to spoil him for a successful tiller of the soil. There is little danger, however, that any farmer will ever know too much, or know more of the sciences than he can in some way make useful to him in his business. At the present time it seems absolutely necessary that one should know something of physiology, of botany, of mineralogy, and especially of chemistry, and enough about mechanics to be able to select a good machine and to make any slight repairs needed for keeping it in fair working condition.

We doubt not that a great many boys have left the farm, because they thought it would be easier and pleasanter to tend some kind of a machine for a living, than to shovel manure, hoe corn or dig potatoes, by the use of hand tools alone, who, if they could have believed that these operations could have been performed by the use of such labor saving implements as are now within the farmer's reach, would gladly have remained upon the old homesteads, and would have looked upon the paternal acres with feelings of pride, rather than sorrow or regret. Within the past few years, the dairy farm of Mr. D. O. Cargill of Cumberland, R. I., has become somewhat noted among both farmers and villagers in the vicinity, as a place where machinery is largely made to take the place of hand labor, in the ordinary operations of the farm.

Mr. Cargill is of the fourth generation that has occupied the estate, which has been handed down from father to son, during the past century, though there have been several divisions among different heirs of the large area formerly held by the second member in the line, for Mr. Cargill's grandfather was a large land holder, and by continued cropping of the comparatively new land and investing wisely, became one of the wealthiest farmers in his neighborhood. The present proprietor came into possession after the land had been considerably reduced in fertility, and at a time when agriculture was being rather overshadowed by manufacturing and mercantile enterprises. It was his desire to learn the machinist's trade, but being an only son and one of but two children, the parents, as usual, were unwilling, being anxious to have the farm continue in the family name.

As a sort of compromise, the young man was quite early allowed to introduce labor saving implements upon the farm for use in improving and working it. The writer has been somewhat familiar with the Cargill homestead for many years, and has watched the changes and improvements with no small degree of interest. One of the first labor saving machines purchased was a stone lifter for cleaning the best land of rocks. Clearing land called for blasting tools, and a blacksmith's forge and bellows was provided, and Mr. Cargill, then a mere boy, learned to sharpen and temper steel drills. A few years later, a tract of wood land, connected with the farm had a crop of wood ready for market, and instead of selling it standing, or in the ordinary four foot lengths, a circular saw and splitting machine, both run by power, were set up, and a small steam engine purchased, which enabled Mr. Cargill to keep his men profitably employed through all weather during the winter season, in preparing fuel in stove lengths for the city trade, and thus realizing the full value of the material and labor applied.

Under the earlier owners, a great amount of grain, especially corn, oats, and rye, was grown for sale, but as the fertility of the soil began to wane, it was found necessary to give more attention to stock feeding, dairying becoming a leading branch of industry. At first the milk was converted into butter and cheese for the Pawtucket and Providence market, but as these places increased in population, the demand for milk reached further and further out into the surrounding country, till butter making by the old hand processes was considered less profitable than selling milk, while the latter greatly reduced the indoor labor. The milk from this section is mostly handled by milkmen, each working in a small way, and independent of any large corporation. To pick up and deliver to the city and village customers a thousand quarts of milk daily, requires on the average, under this system, about ten men, ten wagons and twenty horses, or one hundred quarts per team of men and pair of horses, one horse being used to collect and the other to deliver. Nor is this the worst feature of the system, for many of these small dealers are young, irresponsible men, who often fail to succeed in their business, and the farmers usually have to stand the loss, when, from any cause, the dealers find themselves unable to meet their liabilities. Within the past year, Mr. Cargill has undertaken to distribute his own milk and to introduce a comparatively new system in his market, and he has found that with three men and three horses and wagons, he could deliver a thousand quarts per day, and with one man and pair of horses collect from his neighbors the balance above what his farm could supply, thus reducing the cost of delivery more than one-half.

He has also found a large demand for fresh butter, buttermilk and sweet and sour skimmed milk, among his new milk customers, and is now preparing to supply this demand. Indeed during the past winter, he has done a large dairy business, selling over 2200 pounds of butter in January and February, and disposing of some six hundred quarts of skimmed milk per day. The milk has been set in large deep cans in cold running water, and the butter has been made by machinery, but to reduce the labor still further and also save time, a large sized Danish Weston Centrifugal machine has recently been set up, to be run by steam power. Whether this will prove a success for butter making may as yet be an open question, but for supplying the market with sweet cream and good skimmed milk, it is believed to excel all other methods. The machine is capable of throwing off two continuous streams, one of cream and one of skimmed milk, at the rate of 600 quarts per hour. This will enable Mr. Cargill to handle the milk for a large territory and deliver the products to city customers, in excellent condition and at minimum cost.

Mr. Cargill was the first convert to the silo in his vicinity, and three years ago built a very fine one 32x32 and 20 feet deep, with a division wall through the middle. He has twenty-five acres of the large southern white corn now growing, to be used as ensilage for feeding to his thirty or more head of dairy cows during the coming winter. We also found some 50 or 60 tons of the last year's crop, waiting to be fed during the dry weather in August, when the pasture feed will be insufficient to secure a full flow of milk. The corn was all planted in hills with an "Iron King" corn planter, made in Ohio, and which plants two rows at once, dropping the seed very accurately and also a little fertilizer near each hill.

The dairy rooms and everything connected with the dairy business is kept in perfect condition as to neatness and purity, but while looking round among the collection of new and second hand implements and machines, we could not help thinking that if our young friend at the time he was persuaded to remain on the farm, could have had the advantages of the training now given in such schools as the Massachusetts or Worcester Institutes of Technology, he would have been better fitted to plan and lay out his life work at the start and thus save a good deal of costly experience in the purchase and use of the many machines he has found desirable in carrying on his business. But at the time Mr. Cargill commenced, such schools were hardly in existence and machinery on the farm was little thought of, so that he has been compelled to feel his way, as it were, while growing up with the modern agricultural methods. Mr. Cargill certainly deserves much credit for the enterprise he has shown in bringing machinery to the aid of the farmer, and in showing, by his example, that young men need not leave the old homesteads which their fathers and mothers have worked so hard to hand down to them, in order to find scope for the working of their mechanical faculties and tastes.

MARTIN AMBER WHEAT.

Readers of the FARMER will remember that in one of the September issues of last year, an illustration was given of a head of the Martin Amber wheat, a winter variety originated some five years ago in Eastern Pennsylvania, and introduced to the public last season, by Mr. J. A. Everitt, of Watsontown, Pa. The description accompanying the illustration, was, of course, furnished by the disseminator, as we had previously had no opportunity of testing it, or of watching its habits of growth and yield.

A small package of the seed was received last autumn for trial, and was sown upon our grounds at Pine Hedge Farm, in a corner of a field of rye that was seeded to grass. Owing to the extremely unfavorable summer and autumn of last year, in our locality, it was almost impossible to give any new variety of garden or field seeds a fair test.

Millet seed, sown in midsummer, in a garden soil, lay in the dry dust several weeks before it sprouted, and was then too late to make a crop before frost killed the plants. Only in very moist locations could any seed be made to germinate for several weeks during the summer and fall. For this, and other reasons, our sample of wheat was not fairly treated, being sown on the twentieth of October, a full month later than we should ever recommend others to sow any variety we have ever been acquainted with. The land, however, was in good condition as to fertility, and was thoroughly tilled, the main object being to get it down to grass. The wheat occupied but a small corner, the rest of the field being sown to rye, expecting to cut it for fodder the following spring, or in ample time to allow the growth of a grass crop later in the season. After sowing the seed, the weather grew steadily cold, and in just four weeks the ground was frozen and covered by nearly a foot of snow. Neither wheat, rye nor grass made much growth, and when the spring opened, after a winter of ice, which destroyed a great amount of grass in old fields, our wheat was hard to find, but it lived through nearly as well as the rye, and after a month of spring weather, took a start and grew, and tillered out at an astonishing rate. July twenty-fourth it was ripe for reaping, and on the twenty-eighth a sample was shelled for comparison with our old variety, the Clawson, which has, thus far, given better satisfaction than any other variety we have experimented with. The color is a little darker than the Clawson, and the kernel longer and not quite so plump, though in this regard, it is better than the sample sown, that being considerably shrivelled from early gathering, or other cause. A hundred kernels weighed fifty-six grains, against sixty-four grains, the weight of a hundred kernels of our harvest of last year, which was an extra heavy crop, yielding thirty-nine bushels per acre. Comparing the Amber with the Clawson grown by a neighbor, this year, the Amber was a little heavier in kernel than the Clawson, a hundred kernels of the latter weighing fifty-four grains.

In weight of straw, size and length of heads, and number of kernels in a head, and especially, in the number of heads from a stool, the Amber was far in advance of the Clawson in the neighbor's field, and which was sown at least a month earlier the preceding fall.

In summing up, we should say that, although we cannot, after so short an aquaintance, endorse the claims of the Amber in full, yet we consider it well worthy of further trial. It appears to have merits that will tend to make it popular where many other varieties might not give satisfaction. We should be glad to hear from those of our readers who have given this new variety a trial during the past year.

BARLEY FOR LATE FALL FEEDING.

Again we would call the attention of readers of the FARMER, to the value of barley, sown at this season of the year for late fall feeding. Sowings might have been put in every ten days for the past month, on land suited to its growth, and the earlier sowing would have been early enough to be cut and cured for hay where there is a short supply for winter feeding. Sown now, it will come in nicely for daily green feed for milch cows, along in October and November, after the green corn fodder and millets have been killed by frosts.

Barley in the late fall, and rye in the early spring, will enable the farmer to add, at least, two months to the season of green feeding, and thus shorten the winter to the same extent. They will also enable one to feed just as well in May and November as in midsummer. Cattle are often allowed to grow poor in the late autumn, after the feed becomes short, and the nights grow cold, and to shrink materially in their milk product. Farming with poor, half-fed cattle, can never be very profitable, but when a farmer feels that he has no more hay in his barn than will be needed to carry his stock through the cold winter months, it is pretty hard to begin upon the mows so long as the cattle can barely live in the scant pastures. Barley may follow early potatoes, which ought to be ready to dig now, or, in case grass failed to "catch" in a crop of oats or other spring grain, the field may be ploughed and sowed to barley, either with or without grass.

An old mowing field that is run out may be ploughed, and after thorough harrowing and manuring should yield a good crop of barley feed for late feeding. We are too apt to let portions of our land lie comparatively idle during the early spring and late summer, or to abandon it to the growth of useless weeds. Land is our capital, and the old saying that, "time is money," is as true with farmers as with any other class, and unless we use our capital, and keep it active pretty much all the time, we must expect that others who do, will get the start of us.

We do not expect that all will need to raise special forage crops for late feeding. Farmers having good pastures, and plenty of after feed in mowings that ought to be fed off, will not take much stock in barley fodder, but there are a great many farmers in New England, occupying light, sandy soils that are easy of cultivation, but not well adapted to permanent mowings, who could raise green barley for fall feed, with the best results. If grass seed is not sowed with it, two and a half to three bushels of seed per acre is none too much, but if seeding to grass is an object, one bushel and a half will give the grass a better chance.

It will be of no use to attempt to get paying crops of any kind, without making the land rich by the use of manure or fertilizer. Barley will be fit to cut as soon as the heads are grown.

THAT BUTTER-TEST CHALLENGE.—Mr. Thomas B. Wales, Jr., the owner of the Holstein cow, Mercedes, that recently made ninety-nine pounds six and one-half ounces of butter in thirty days, has written a very pleasant letter through the *Breeders' Gazette*, expressing a perfect willingness to make another trial of his cow in competition with the Jersey cow, Mary Ann of St. Lamberts, owned by Mr. Valancy E. Fuller, and which exceeded the record of Mr. Wales' cow by some four pounds, but as his time will be occupied attending the fairs, for the next month, and his pastures are badly dried up, he would choose to have the trial made next spring, after both cows are again fresh in milk. Mr. Wales, however, is decidedly opposed to wagers or stakes of any kind, but believes as useful and a more friendly trial can be had without them. We heartily commend Mr. Wales' course.

A GOOD POLLED COW.—Mr. A. B. Allen, in the July number of the Chicago *Live Stock Journal*, gives the record of yield of butter from a polled cow, owned some years since by the late Mr. Schenck, of Dutchess County, New York, which shows that the Jersey is not the only cow that has the power to produce three pounds of butter or more in a single day.

Mr. Schenck's cow made, in three weeks, sixty-five and one-half pounds of butter, or at the rate of over twenty-one pounds and thirteen ounces per week. At the next trial for two days she gave an average of three pounds and six ounces per day, or, at the rate of twenty-three pounds and ten ounces per week. Mr. Allen is a warm admirer of good polled dairy cows, and regrets that farmers who have had such opportunities afforded them in years past, have failed to make any effort towards establishing herds of these quiet and useful animals.

EXTRACTS AND REPLIES.

WITCH GRASS WANTED.

In some issue of the FARMER I think I have seen it said that witch grass seed could be obtained. I wrote Schlegel & Fottler for it, who answer that they do not have it. If it can be had, will you please tell me where, its cost, if you know, how much is needed for an acre, and the best time to sow it? By so doing you will oblige, T. F. C.

Rowley, Mass., July 30, 1883.

REMARKS.—Witch grass seed is not in market so far as we are aware, nor do we think it ought to be. The grass is good enough either in pastures or to be cut for hay, but it is no better than timothy, redtop or orchard grass, while its habits of growth are sufficient to condemn it as a cultivated variety. It is true, that in rich land it makes a large growth, but it will do no better on poor land than other grasses. Constant cropping will exhaust a soil so that the crop will finally be scarcely worth cutting. The objection to the grass is that it makes a sod that is extremely difficult to plough, and it is almost impossible to kill by any ordinary means. Where it has become established farmers try to make the best of their misfortune, and some even praise it as others do the ox eye daisy. Our advice is, do not sow witch grass seed on any land that you ever expect to plough or cultivate.

ACTION OF PARIS GREEN—FERTILIZERS TO DESTROY INSECTS.

It is more than twenty years that I have been conversant with the most welcome NEW ENGLAND FARMER, and for the first time ask a little space in its interesting and instructive columns, and that for a double purpose, both to receive and to give information. My inquiry is this, does Paris green kill the of the potato beetle laid upon the potato leaf, or does the leaf become saturated with the poison sufficiently to destroy the slug after hatching? According to my experience it is one or the other, as one application has cleaned the vines until another batch has been laid. All farmers, by this time, have become familiar with the fact that there is an insect or grub to contend with, in order to save anything they plant. It was ordained from the beginning, that man should earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, but, notwithstanding the decree, it is not only justifiable but commendable to check that perspiration as much as possible. To do this we may use all the preventives we can find to lessen labor and relieve anxiety. If farmers would have fewer cut worms on their tomatoes and other plants, they should use a good fertilizer at the time of setting them. If they would have fewer wire worms to destroy their corn, they should use freely, at the time of planting, a fertilizer in the hill, as well as sown broadcast. If they would have smooth potatoes, free from the bite of the angle and muck worm, they should fertilize freely in the hill, in short, use it on every product of the farm and garden, and I trust their labors will be crowned with success; at least, such has been my experience for the last three years.

REMARKS.—The Paris green does not destroy the eggs of the potato beetle, but the slugs are destroyed by eating leaves upon which particles of the poison have lodged. The eggs, being laid upon the under side of the leaves, are not touched by the green, nor would it destroy them if it did, unless applied in sufficient quantity to destroy the leaves themselves. The Green, being almost wholly insoluble, it does not injure by any saturating process, nor by absorption into the sap of the plant. The potato leaf is covered by many very fine hairs, almost invisible to the naked eye, but the particles of poison, whether applied in water or in some form of dry dust, like plaster of Paris flour or ashes, will lodge among them and be retained for a considerable time, or till washed off by heavy showers, or blown away by strong winds. In some parts of New England the showers have been so frequent during the growing season, that applications of poison have been required almost daily, until all the eggs laid had hatched so that the slugs could eat the leaves.

As to the use of fertilizers, to keep off insects, or prevent their ravages, we fear our correspondent has put it a little strong, and that others who may follow the directions may fail to find the expected benefit. Very few of the commercial fertilizers are specially deadly to insects that cut off the vegetation grown upon them. A good strong growth is an excellent preventive against total destruction, especially when insects are not very numerous, but enough fertilizer to kill or repel most species of insects from our fields, would destroy or severely injure the crops. Angle worms, we believe, do not bite potatoes, neither do muck worms, though a similar looking grub, the larva of the June beetle do, sometimes, eat them badly.

VALUE OF HORSE AND COW MANURE.

I would like to inquire, through the columns of the NEW ENGLAND FARMER, concerning the difference in value between manure made from horses, and that made from cows, both to be fed heavily with grain, the horse manure to be free from straw and kept moist, and not allowed to heat. My neighbor, who keeps cows for milk, says that his manure will last in the soil much longer than mine will, which is made from horses. Is he correct?

SUBSCRIBER.

Brockton, Mass., July 23, 1883.

REMARKS.—We cannot consistently speak of manure from different animals, or different classes of animals, as having a uniform standard of value, like standard gold or silver coin. The intrinsic value of animal manures depends much more upon the character of the food consumed than upon the class of animals making it. The richer the food the more valuable must the manure be, and the poorer the food the poorer the manure. Again, the manure from a growing animal, or one that is working hard, or is giving a large amount of milk, must be of less value than that made by an animal that is comparatively idle. Animal manures are more or less valuable according as the urine is retained in them. Horse manure collected in a stable where all the urine passes immediately through the floor, while the solid matter is thrown out into a pile in the open air, is comparatively poor stuff. Every observing farmer has noticed that the solid droppings of horses at pasture do not produce a very marked effect upon the growth of grass near by, while around cow manure the grass often grows so rank that it will be rejected. It is also noticeable that the urine from horses is much more likely to destroy vegetation than is the urine from cows. In other words, there is greater loss from wasting the urine of horses than from wasting that from cows. The common belief that horse manure is quicker in its action, and cow manure more lasting, is doubtless well founded. Horse manure made from rich food ferments quite readily and thus soon becomes available plant food, while cow manure will remain dormant for a considerable time, especially in cold weather, unless special effort is made to ferment it. The sooner any manure is made available, the sooner it is likely to be used up by growing crops. If horse manure is kept from heating while in the barn cellar, by wetting and solid treading, it will nevertheless heat quickly after being applied to the soil, and so will soon become available plant food, while cow manure may remain comparatively inert for a long time, unless special means have been used to render it available, as by repeated turning over in piles. In a general way, the answer to our correspondent's query will be, that manure is more or less valuable according to the character of the food from which it is made and not according to the class of animals through which that food has passed. The rule will not, however, hold good unless all the voidings both solid and liquid are carefully saved.

AGRICULTURAL ITEMS.

—George M. Lawrence of Warsaw, N. Y., has an apiary numbering 83 swarms. From a single swarm alone he has sold 112 pounds of honey this season and expects to sell 400 pounds during the present year.

—Prof. A. J. Cook says that as Pyrethrum (Persian Powder) is safe and effective against the cabbage caterpillars, the arsenites (Paris green, London purple, etc.) should never be used. And with so good a specific as white hellebore at command, the arsenites should never be used to fight the currant slug, which have to be attacked at the very time when we wish to use the fruit.

—Sorghum for fattening cattle is highly recommended by Dr. Kedsie, of the Michigan Agricultural College. It has been found by some who have tried it, he says, to possess wonderful fattening properties, and produces beef of very superior quality. But he adds that the sorghum must be fed cautiously at first, until the cattle become used to it, on account of danger of their eating too freely of the material, causing scouring, etc. The seeds of cane are equal in value, pound for pound, to oats or corn.

—The *Silk and Fruit Culturist* says wherever the apple will grow the mulberry will flourish, and wherever the latter is found silk culture is possible; hence, from Maine to Florida and from the rock-bound coast of one ocean to the Pacific slopes of the other, the United States owns a field inviting this industry, now so rapidly developing. Identically that same remark about apple trees and mulberries was made in the columns of the *New England Farmer* in 1832, but somehow the silk business has not "developed" a great deal thus far.

—Sheep often go a long time without drinking, especially if in a pretty good pasture, and the dews are heavy so that they can fill up with wet grass in the morning; but when they do want to drink, water is as necessary to their health and comfort as to that of any other animals. Therefore, keep a supply of pure water in the sheep pastures as much as in any other, and if the sheep do not drink from it, give them a little salt once a week. They should have salt as often as once a week under any circumstances.

—By carefully weighing a small sample of wheat, counting the number of kernels in such sample, and multiplying by the number of times the weight of such sample is contained in the weight of a bushel, we have found that of good plump kernels there are from 650,000 to 750,000 in a bushel. Accordingly one bushel of seed to the acre will allow from fourteen to seventeen kernels to each square foot, or one plant to every third inch in either direction. If all the seed grew, this would be quite thick enough, as one plant often sends up a dozen or more stalks.

Correspondence.

For the New England Farmer.

ECHOES FROM THE FARM.

During a short visit to Fisher's Island, N. Y., which, by the way, is, in some portions, possessed of excellent farming lands, there were noticed fields of corn that had not been hoed at all. If farming will pay at all, it certainly will pay much better when well performed. In the case referred to, the spaces between the hills of corn were pretty thoroughly filled with durfee grass and wild turnip, which was growing luxuriantly. It requires no amount of study and but little thought to convince the average mind that the growth of plants takes a certain amount of plant nourishment from the soil, and that, in case the growth is that of weeds or grass that cannot be harvested, the amount, so assimilated, is lost to the plant that should have received it, and no matter if there is sufficient nourishment besides to cause a vigorous growth of the plant that should be cultivated, it would have been better off without the weeds which are sapping the very vitality of the soil itself.

Such a course as that, shows a serious lack of management on the part of him who has charge of the cultivation of crops. Even if it is so, that no plant will take from the soil any more than is required for its full and perfect growth, if other and noxious plants are allowed to grow, it is a robbery of the soil.

The careful husbanding of all the resources of the farm is an evidence of good management, and, in no particular, are the resources of the farm more important than the fertility of the soil, upon which all else depends; so, the preservation of this fertility is of the greatest importance to the farmer, and yet this cannot be effected if any unnatural drain upon it is allowed, or perhaps almost encouraged.

It is said that tillage is manure; now, if this is so, or in other words, if fertility can be husbanded by this means, it is plain to be seen that any neglect of tillage is a gross negligence to the best interests of the farm, and not only such benefits as would come from tillage are lost to the soil, but there is the additional loss that comes from the growth of weeds.

There are some compensating circumstances attending the condition of those farmers of New England, whose lot is cast in rough and rocky places, although it has required years of natural existence, and the growth of large cities to develop the fact. There are many acres that would be almost wholly unproductive, except for scanty pasturage, because of the many rocks, were it not that nature has, in many cases, provided what may be turned to a source of profit. Such localities, because of the large number of boulders, or outcropping ledges, cannot, without an enormous expenditure, become capable of culture and so must be turned over to pasturage, and, in this condition, many places soon become covered with the growth of huckleberry bushes, which produce a fruit that is now much sought after. There are different varieties, the high and the low, which give a sort of succession, and during some seasons the traffic in this line is very large.

The harvesting of this crop is somewhat laborious, but being light work can be attended to by women and children, and the results are sometimes really wonderful. Good pickers have been known to pick more than a bushel a day, and in families of many children, the income from this source offers a means for supplying groceries and many other family necessities. As a rule, the greatest liberty prevails regarding picking, although in some cases trespassing is wholly forbidden; but pretty generally the greatest freedom is allowed the poorer classes, who esteem the berry season as a rich harvest for them.

Wild blackberries also grow upon uncultivated land, and the gathering of the fruit becomes a means of support to the more unfortunate classes.

There is a growing disposition among the owners of rocky farms, to exert some energies in the line of such preparation of the fields that are most cultivated as will afford greater ease in cultivation. There are portions of the farm, which, for years, have been under the plough, and from which the yearly crop of grass has been cut, that have been encumbered by scattering boulders which have been an obstacle and an inconvenience. So, when, as is frequently the case, immediately after haying the team is set to work in the removal of such obstacles, there are evident signs of progress. There is no sight that is more pleasing and interesting in a rocky country than to see fields that are perfectly smooth and entirely free from rocks. To secure this condition, requires an amount of labor that would astonish some of the more favored of the land whose lot has been cast in flowery places.

It is to be hoped that, with the tendency of this fast age, and the use of labor-saving machinery, there will not be a tendency to neglect some things that should be attended to, such as mowing by the side of walls and fences, after the mowing machines.

This neglect was noticed in some portions of Barnstable Co., Mass., last season, and, although, perhaps for a year or two the effect might not be as bad, it will be but a few years until the entire sides of such fields will be lined with bushes, the width of which limits, must, of necessity, increase with each year. It makes but little difference how busy the season of the year may be, and how strong the temptation to leave the unmown strip by the fences, it is much better that it be attended to when the field is mown, and will require no great amount of time. But whether it required time or not, the saving of hay would amply compensate for all the time required.

Then, too, a farm looks so much better with clean mowing fields; if there is any appropriate place for bushes, it is not in a field that is supposed to be a representative of the better portions of the farm, and there is nothing that can be offered as an excuse for allowing bushes to grow by the side of fences or large rocks, that have not yet been removed.

WILLIAM H. YEOMANS.

Columbia, Conn., 1883.

For the New England Farmer.

JULY JOTTINGS.

Owing to the great amount of rain that we have had since about the middle of May, farm work has been greatly retarded; hoeing has been up hill business and the weeds have got under great headway, necessitating a great deal of labor to subdue them now, and in some cases the crop is nearly ruined by the combined effects of rain and weeds. The Colorado beetle is doing far less harm than usual, at this season of the year, and doubtless it is owing to so much wet weather; and for the same reason the corn crop in all probability will be light; at least that is the way it looks now, in this section. In applying Paris green to potatoes, I formerly used water, considering it safer to apply it in that way than dry, but thought it did the leaves more or less injury, so last year and this I have mixed it in dry plaster and dusted it on from a home-made contrivance. The plaster appears to do the potatoes good, and by using care in the handling and application of the poison, I think it may be safely applied dry, and it is easier, too, because there is no carrying of water to the field, and hence, all things considered, it seems best to apply it dry; but I must say that one can not be too careful when dealing with poisons. If some other method could be devised of exterminating this pest of the potato field, it would be a great blessing to farmers. Has any one tried Persian insect powder? If so, will it do the work? This is said to be destructive to all insect life, but harmless to people and animals. Is this a fact? Buckwheat sowing is now (July 18) hardly completed and but very little haying has been done. The crop will be rather above the average, I think. I have never seen such an amount of white clover as is in our fields and pastures this season, and the honey that our bees gather from it is superb; and when stored in one or one and a half pound section boxes, looks very inviting.

Prof. A. J. Cook of the Michigan Agricultural College, has lately re-written his Manual of the Apiary; besides, he has added much new matter and many new illustrations, so that it is fully up with the times. I have been studying its pages with much satisfaction. Any one commencing bee-keeping should by all means have some good work on the subject, and I think this is the latest book issued on bee-culture in the country, and without doubt the most scientific.' There is something about bee-keeping that is very fascinating. Prof. Cook says that "enthusiasm, or an ardent love of its duties, is a very desirable, if not an absolute, requisite to successful apiculture. To be sure, this is a quality whose growth, with even slight opportunity, is almost sure. It only demands perseverance. The beginner, without either experience or knowledge, may meet with discouragements—unquestionably will. Swarms will be lost, colonies will fail to winter, and the young apiarist will become nervous, which fact will be noted by the bees with great disfavor, and, if opportunity permits, will meet reproof more sharp than pleasant. Yet, with persistence, all these difficulties quickly vanish. Every contingency will be foreseen and provided against, and the myriad of little workers will become as manageable and may be fondled as safely as a pet dog or cat, and the apiarist will minister to their needs with the same fearlessness and self-possession that he does to his gentlest cow or favorite horse. Persistence in the face of all these discouragements, which are so sure to confront inexperience, will surely triumph. In sooth, he who appreciates the beautiful and marvelous, will soon grow to love his companions of the hive, and the labor attendant upon their care and management. Nor will this love abate till it has kindled into enthusiasm." All this may seem strange to the uninitiated, but it is a fact, as can be proven by the experience of thousands. I am one of those that think farmers ought to keep bees enough to furnish the family with a plate of honey now and then.

Grange picnics, and farmers' field meetings are now in order, and each one should be well attended. Both of these gatherings may be a source of much pleasure and profit to all farmers, farmers' wives, and farmers' son and daughters. How can a day be spent to better advantage than by a number of farmers meeting together at some other farmer's home and occupy the afternoon in looking over growing crops, and the animals of the farm, and in talking up farm methods and giving each other ideas, arrived at from past experience; a day is not lost, even if it does seem that the time ought not be taken from the labor of the farm. Ideas will be gathered that will be found of much practical value in future operations.

"Well, well, another rainy day. If it don't beat all." Yes, brother farmers, we are having a good deal of rain this season, but we can find enough to do, if we look around the house and barn a little; and, by-the-way, a few hours may be very profitably spent now and then in looking over the agricultural papers that have been accumulating about the house for years past. You may often find just the information you wish to know. Ideas will be brought up that it had been intended to act upon, but for sometime past had been forgotten. Good agricultural papers do not lose all their value by age, but they are always good. Save them, and in the future, get them out once in a while and look them over. It will pay. You will be surprised at the information they contain, and just what you want to know, too.

The weeds in the garden must be hoed or pulled up, and the soil frequently stirred to make the vegetables grow. This work can usually be done at odd times during haying, when it may not be advisable to work in the hay field. I admire a good garden, but a portion of mine this year will be almost a failure, owing to so much wet weather. If I could have known what the season would have been, at planting time, a different selection of soil would have been made, and a better supply of vegetables would have been the result. The wet weather, however, seems to just agree with the new strawberry bed, which is growing very luxuriantly. I do not think it pays to fuss with the old strawberry bed and clean it of weeds, but my plan is to set a new bed every spring, keep it well hoed until the runners cover the ground, when it is left to itself until late in autumn, with the exception of pulling out such weeds as may appear, when it is mulched with leaves or straw and lightly covered with pine boughs. In spring the brush is removed, while the mulch is left undisturbed, to keep the berries clean. After the fruit is picked, the bed is all dug up. I tried several years to raise this most delicious of all berries, without satisfactory results, until I adopted this method.

F. H. DOW.

For the New England Farmer.

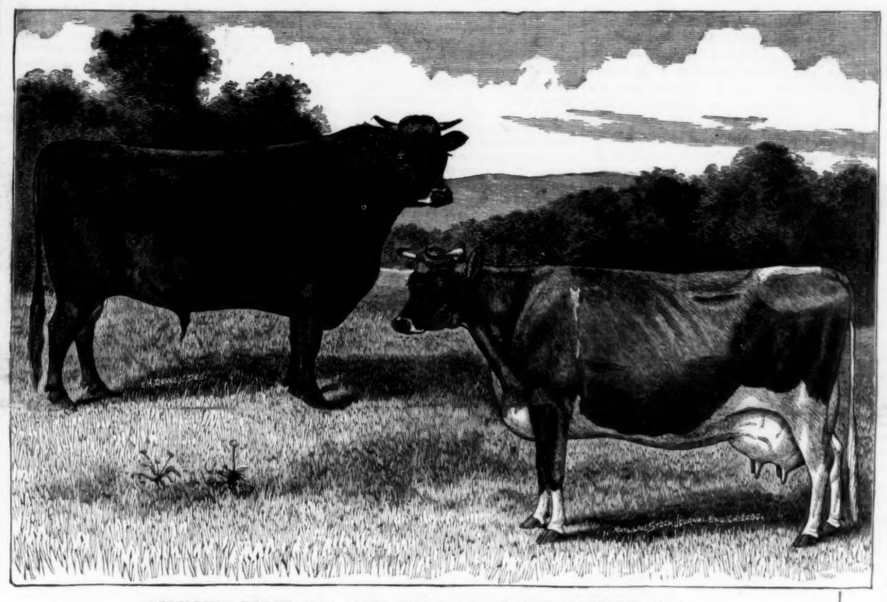
FARMING EAST AND WEST.

A Vermonter's Impressions.

Having lately taken a trip to the West, I think that my impressions of the country may possibly be of interest to some of your readers, especially young men, like myself, who sometimes think New England farming rather a slow way of acquiring a fortune. My two months' stay in and near a Western city has changed my ideas of the West somewhat, though not altogether unfavorably. I think that a man with some capital, good judgment and plenty of enterprise has a better opportunity to make money in the West than in the East, but to one who wishes to work for wages there is little, if any, advantage in going there, unless he is well skilled in some trade or business other than farming. The foreign farm help can and do work for lower wages than American hands get in the East. The idea of going to the frontier and taking up a homestead, which is so attractive to many young men, and which seems like an easy way of getting a good farm, loses some of its charms after one knows more of the conditions of society, the cost of growing crops and getting them to market, etc. There is a great deal of talk among Eastern farmers about the railroads favoring the West, and it may be that they do favor the Western capitalists and speculators in getting their grain East from the great centres, like Chicago, but they do not favor the Western farmer to any considerable extent. In fact the railroad men and the wheat buyers, who are often one and the same, have it much their own way about the price of the grain among small growers at the country stations. I would not advise any one to take up a claim and go to wheat raising expecting to get much fun or see much profit the first few years, unless he is unusually lucky, or shrewd enough to locate where a new town or city will make his land rise rapidly in value. Of the people and society more anon.

H. L. C.

Washington Co., Vt.



COBURN'S PRIZE 6851, AND HIS DAM, MAMIE COBURN 3798.

The two beautiful animals figured above, belong to the celebrated "Beech Grove Farm" herd of Jerseys, owned by Messrs. Churchman and Jackson, at Beech Grove, Marion County, Indiana.

Coburn's Prize was dropped February 18, 1881, and is by imported Le Brocq's Prize, (known as "Snap," 254, on the island of Jersey, where, previous to his purchase by Messrs. Churchman & Jackson, he had sired several highest prize animals.) He is of solid dark color, with black points; has a rich skin and an excellent escutcheon, and is beyond question one of the very richest and best bulls ever bred at Beech Grove Farm. He is now being bred freely to some of the heaviest butter makers.

His dam, Mamie Coburn, has a repeated record of 17 pounds 8 ounces of butter in seven days, on pasture alone, and has a capacity of a much greater yield by high feeding. She does not go dry, and her milk is very rich during the whole year. Her dam, Bowley, 1946, and grand-dam Eve, 456, are cows of rare merit and very rich in their dairy qualities.

Messrs. Churchman & Jackson are apparently not affected with the "Jersey craze," though breeding Jerseys. In their catalogue for the present year, from which the above cut and description are taken, they announce their principle of selection in the following terms:

"Except as a matter of fancy or preference, the color of the hair, tongue, or switch has nothing whatever to do with the intrinsic value of a Jersey cow. *There is no standard color*, and on the "Island" solid colors and full black points are the exception. The question for breeders for profit to inquire is, "What is the record of her ancestry as to rich cream yield and butter product?" allowing the animal to choose her own color of hair. The Jersey is a thoroughbred, and a good one from a good strain is almost sure to produce animals of fine quality; while poor ones are very liable to breed their like, no matter what color they may happen to be. Many of the most noted cows for large butter products have "broken" color with a great deal of white. While this has nothing to do with the substantial worth of a Jersey cow, it goes to show the folly of selecting solid colors, making them the standard of excellence. Her intrinsic value consists in her ability to produce a large yield of butter. In our selections and breeding, we have made all other considerations secondary to this one point. Development of the udder, milk veins and escutcheons, and other indications of deep milking qualities, we consider of far greater importance than any fancy color which the animal may possess."

Selections.

PRIMITIVE vs. SCIENTIFIC AGRICULTURE.

The methods of primitive agriculture are simple and its practice is a fixed routine. The problem of one farm is the problem of every farm, and only moderate educational endowments are required to master the problem and to successfully apply the practice. In scientific agriculture the situation is very different and the requirements are much enlarged. Each farm presents its own problem for solution. Indeed I might say that each farm presents many problems; that there is one for each field, and one for every crop. No routine practice will answer here. Each problem must be studied, its elements comprehended, its results thought out, and the practice intelligently directed to produce them. The Storrs school aims to qualify its students to attack successfully the class of problems here indicated. It does not expect to solve these problems for them, but rather to give to their minds a direction and an impulse which shall interest them in problems of this nature and furnish them with power for their mastery. Good business management and industry are the conditions of success in primitive agriculture. In addition to these, scientific agriculture demands study. The farmer may not cease to be a workman, but he must also be a student. He must look over his fields with eyes which see far more than is obvious to the vision of the mere laborer. He must see beneath the surface and beyond the present. Not merely what exists today, but what is possible for tomorrow must be clear to him. His labor will thus not only be made more effective; it will be elevated and made honorable and lifted forever above the low level of drudgery. The distance between a worker and a drudge is so vast as to be almost immeasurable. Most farmers must be workers. Not one farmer on earth is compelled, by the conditions of his avocation, to be a drudge.—[From J. M. Hubbard's address to the graduating class of the Storrs Agricultural School in Mansfield, Conn.

TUB-FEEDING OF MILCH COWS.

Mr. C. E. Benton, Sharon, Conn., writes to his home *Farmer*, of the winter method of cow keeping in that milk region, mentioning especially the "tub system of feeding," with which he says he is very much pleased:

"We use half-firkin butter tubs. The theory is that the hard particles of grain, corn especially, are rendered easier of digestion by being soaked several hours. In the afternoon we put each cow's morning ration of grain in her tub, and add seven or eight quarts of water. The tubs are then set upon a shelf over the cows' heads. In the morning, before milking, we set them down for

New England Farmer.

BOSTON:

SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1883.

"To what base uses may we come at last." The Great Eastern, which was to begin a new era in the transportation of passengers across the ocean, after many vicissitudes of fortune, has become a mere collier, transporting coal between the Firth of Forth and the Thames.

A recent political platform calls for the repeal of the taxes on whiskey and tobacco, "as a measure of relief demanded by the people from an unnecessary and unequal burden." If this had been intended for a joke, it would have been funny, but as it was really meant as a serious piece of political economy, it is simply atrocious.

Twelve thousand people in New York city last Monday night, paid from one to two dollars each to see a boxing match between Sullivan the Boston bruiser, and Slade, surnamed "the Maori." There is some satisfaction in recording that "our —— rascal," as the late Thad. Stevens would have said, carried off the honors, such as they are.

The high price of hops having set the brewers to using all sorts of mysterious and less expensive substitutes, now comes the United States Treasury Department, and plays into the hands of the hop-growers by promulgating a rule that brewers must hereafter report to the revenue collectors what materials they use, and in what quantities, which will prove a corker for some of them, no doubt.

The Treasury clerks at Washington, whose arduous duties are relieved by an annual vacation of thirty days, are now urging that that vacation ought not to include Sundays at all. This would give them thirty-five days of absence from work every year, counted as thirty. You can always trust a clerk in a government department to do just as little work in the course of a year as can be done for the money. It always was so, not only in this country, but everywhere else. Charles Lamb excused himself for being the last of the clerks in his department to come in in the morning, by saying that he equalized matters by always being the first to go away in the afternoon.

The General Court of the State of Massachusetts did one good thing at least at its recent session, in establishing eighty new scholarships at the Agricultural College, two for each Senatorial district of the State. In several of the districts arrangements have been made for filling these scholarships by competitive examination open to all the youth of the district. Perhaps this is as fair a way as any, and yet we cannot help feeling that in a good many instances the scholarships so decided will go to youths who do not need them; whose parents are amply able to pay their expenses in the College, as they have been able to keep them steadily at school while fitting for the examination; while the poorer youth, who has had more work and less schooling, and who can only hope to go to the College by the help which the scholarship will give him, gets left behind in this preliminary race. Still, we hope to see every one of the scholarships filled, as we feel sure that the establishment of them was a long step in the direction of making the College what it was originally intended to be, an institution for the benefit of all the youth of the Commonwealth.

The ways of civilized and enlightened communities are incomprehensible. For instance, all along the route by which Amero, charged with the commission of a brutal murder, was brought to this city from Nova Scotia, people gathered at the railroad stations to catch a glimpse of him, if possible, as the train went by, while thousands of people, some of them *women, besieged until long after midnight* the depot at which he was to arrive, or hung for hours around the police station to which he was conveyed. Reporters interviewed him at every turn, and laid before an admiring public, columns of description of the man, his dress, his manners, and even such poor little shreds of utterly meaningless talk as they could get out of him. The worst of it is that the great public demand all this stuff, and the daily paper that publishes the most of it finds the most purchasers. The other evening a "palatial" rum-shop was opened in this city by a notorious bruiser, and a mob of twelve or fifteen thousand gathered about the premises, obstructing the streets and impeding travel almost all night, and calling for the services of every policeman in the city that could be spared from his regular beat, to maintain even a half-way decent semblance of order among the crowd. The next day the papers published full descriptions of the bar, the mirrors, the furnishings, and even the monograms on the glassware of "the champion's" drunkard factory, but for the most part, could find no space to animadvert on the danger to the community, and the constant menace to peace and good order that such an establishment continually keeps up.

THE VETERINARY HOSPITAL.

A year or more ago, Harvard University added to its courses of instruction, a new course in veterinary medicine and surgery, and placed at its head, Dr. Charles P. Lyman, Fellow of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons, London, a gentleman of thorough education and extensive practice in his profession, whose attainments in the line of veterinary knowledge had recently been brought somewhat prominently before the public by his investigation, carried on under the auspices of the United States Department of Agriculture, into the matter of the alleged existence of pleuro pneumonia among American cattle sent to England. To properly carry out the contemplated course of instruction, of course required the establishment of a hospital where cases of disease could be received and treated, and where they could be at all times under the observation of the students. Such a hospital has just been completed, and will be immediately opened, the first season of the Veterinary School being about to commence, with a much larger class than the projectors of the institution had expected.

The hospital building is situated at the corner of Village and Lucas Streets, in this city, and is said to be the most perfect institution of the kind in the country, the arrangements for heating, lighting, ventilation, etc., being of the most approved design and construction, the object being not only the instruction of young men in practical veterinary science, but also the relief of suffering and disease among the lower animals. In the first story are the offices of Professor Lyman and his assistant surgeon, Mr. Robert H. Harrison, D. V. S., of Lowell. Around the sides are six ordinary stalls and four box stalls, one of the latter being padded and grated for the use of violent patients. The drainage of these stalls is perfect, and the floor, made of rock asphalt, is entirely impervious to water, so that it can be washed perfectly clean with hose. The centre of the first floor is designed for an operating room. This operating room, extending in height from the ground to the roof, and covered at the top by an immense window, has the strongest light and the best ventilation possible. Windows open into all the other stories, so that a large number of students can view the operations below. The animals will be carried to the upper stories by an elevator at the entrance, but, as an additional exit in case of fire, an inclined plane of tan has also been provided. On the second floor is the dog room with operating table, the grooms' room, where grooms will be on hand night and day; the drug room, and several wide stalls and box stalls. The third floor comprises the hay and grain room, a carriage room and the chamber of the surgeon, who will thus be ready at a moment's call, both day and night. The basement is devoted to the use of cows and other animals, and also contains the forge-room or blacksmith shop. The entire building is heated by steam, each floor lighted with gas, and all the rooms connected with the surgeon's office by electric call bells and speaking tubes. Lame, sick or wounded horses, cattle, sheep and dogs will be received as patients, and in cases of chronic diseases the buildings and pastures of the Bussey Farm, West Roxbury, will be at the service of the school. As the hospital is dependent upon its earnings for its existence, fees must be paid for accommodations, but on Tuesdays and Fridays at two o'clock free clinics will be held. The surgeons will also visit animals away from the hospital when desired.

THE TELEGRAPHERS' STRIKE.

There are but few new developments in the great war between the telegraph operators and the companies. To the ordinary observer business appears to be moving steadily enough, and the columns of the daily newspapers, through which most of us receive all the telegrams we get, show no scarcity of telegraphic news. A dog fight in Texas, or a slugging match in New York, or a base ball game in Chicago, finds itself reported *in extenso* in the columns of the next day's papers from Bangor to Galveston, just as though no such thing as a strike had ever been heard of. Private business, and perhaps public business, may be sometimes delayed, but this does not touch the great mass of the people, who have by this time lost almost all interest in the strike, and whose sympathies, active at first in behalf of the operatives, have by this time cooled off to a condition of utter indifference. The brotherhood continually announce that the strike is spreading, that the service is becoming more and more demoralized, and so on, but the "great public," however much in sympathy with the cause of the laborer it may be, simply looking at things as they appear on the surface, realizes that these things are not so, that the strike is a failure, and the battle lost.

It was announced last week that a strike would take place on Monday, which would call out all the operators on the Gould system of railways, and that all conductors, engineers, firemen and trainmen belonging to the Knights of Labor would decline to assume the risk of running trains without telegraphic service, but Monday came and the threatened movement did not occur, only a few operators leaving their keys, and they not at important points. Cold water was further thrown on the movement by a statement by Mr. P. M. Arthur, Chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, to the effect that that association had no intention of striking or of assuming any part of the responsibility for the action of the telegraphers.

On Monday night several of the wires of the Western Union Company between this city and New York were cut, and others were crossed and entangled in various places, with the effect of causing a partial suspension of business for a short time. Of course this action was ascribed to the strikers and a reward was offered by the Company for the apprehension of the perpetrators. The Brotherhood retorted with the charge that the Western Union officials ordered the wires cut to cover up the weakness of the company, and to influence popular sympathy against the strikers. Accordingly a circular was issued offering a reward of $1000 for the detection of any person guilty of attempting to bribe any number of the brotherhood. But whether the wires were cut by the agents of the Company or of the Brotherhood, the latter will naturally get the credit (or discredit) of it in the popular mind, and their cause, as far as it remains an object of popular interest, will be the sufferer by it. But popular interest in the quarrel, instead of increasing, has steadily declined during the past two weeks, as is evident to every outside observer. This consideration alone makes it almost certain, that this great strike, which thus far has followed in the footsteps of all previous movements of the kind, will follow those footsteps to the close, and end in disaster and final surrender.

THE WALTHAM CATTLE SHEDS.

Considerable complaint has been made among importers of cattle during the past few weeks that the accommodations at the new quarantine grounds for cattle at Waltham have proved extremely insufficient, and charges of negligence and incompetence on the part of the customs officers at this port and the officials in charge of the station, have been made through the newspapers and in various other ways, until they have at length reached the Treasury Department at Washington. Referring to these complaints, Judge French, Acting Secretary of the Treasury, declares that neither that department nor the local officials are in any sense at fault. The department having taken the estimates of those who would naturally be supposed to be best informed upon the subject, provided accommodations at Waltham for about 300 head, thinking that that would prove amply sufficient, but, since the establishment of the station, the importers have rushed cattle into the country, until there are now over 1000 head in quarantine at that place. Importers, moreover, have not always been careful to ascertain, before shipping animals to this port, whether there was room here for them or not. One case is instanced, where a shipment of 45 head which the officials had been notified to expect, turned out on arrival, to be 450 head, somebody having blundered in sending the original despatch.

The Assistant Secretary also points out that the Department, having spent all their original appropriation for quarantining cattle, in the erection of buildings at the importing stations which had been fixed upon, had no money to spend until the new appropriation became available, at the beginning of July, and goes on to say:

> The whole business of quarantining cattle is practically new, and when Congress appropriates sufficient money, and importers exercise proper discretion in ascertaining where there is room for their cattle and give proper notice of proposed shipments, I think all cause for complaint will cease. It stands to reason, with our present facilities, that if at any time a thousand head of cattle are without proper notice landed at a port which has accommodations for not more than 300, only confusion and trouble can be expected. If importers and citizens near cattle quarantine stations will endeavor to aid the department, instead of embarrassing it by complaints through the press and otherwise, the shipments which have heretofore been made through Canada can be turned into our own ports to the advantage of all concerned. The quarantine system is for the protection of the great cattle ranges of the West against contagion, and not merely for the amusement of Treasury officers, and should be abolished whenever the cattle-raisers of the country are satisfied that it is not necessary for their protection.

Meanwhile, every endeavor has been made to relieve the crowded condition of the Waltham sheds, some of the cattle being quartered on a farm adjacent to the quarantine grounds, while 150 have been sent to Sherborn, and nearly 400 to Concord, where they will of course remain under the supervision of the government inspectors until their period of probation is over. Something over 200 of those now at Waltham will be released in September, but several hundred more will arrive during the fall.

On the whole, despite the drawbacks which are undeniable, and which seem to be inevitable to the adoption of a new and untried method of conducting business, it is apparent that the new quarantine station at Waltham is a success, several heavy importers, who have formerly brought their cattle into the United States by the way of Canada, having made their latest importations through Boston. Among these are Leonard Bros. and Estil & Eliot, owners of the 375 head of Scotch cattle now at Concord. It is said that the stations at Portland, Me., and Baltimore, Md., have no cattle in quarantine, and the New York station has but few, and that the idea of establishing a station at Philadelphia has been abandoned.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

From Harper & Bros., New York, we have received, through Cupples, Upham & Co.

TWELVE AMERICANS; THEIR LIVES AND TIMES. By Howard Carroll.

This is a series of short biographies of twelve prominent Americans, all now living, or who have died within a very short time, and who have therefore filled some space in the daily reading of the present generation. For the most part these biographies are of people who have attained distinction in political life, John Gilbert, and Joseph Jefferson, the actors, and Peter Cooper, whose fame rests rather on his career as a representative working man, and his eminence as a philanthropist, than upon his somewhat cloudy political theories, being the only exceptions. Perhaps this is because the bustle and struggle of politics are more distinctly American than are the calm pursuits of the scholar, the quiet contemplations of the theologian, or even the steady perseverance of the successful business man, but it would seem that in a list of a dozen "representative men", even of this age and country, one at least might have been chosen from each of these walks of life. The essays are all somewhat superficial, and by no means critical, the author starting out with the proposition that it is a characteristic failing of the Republic to belittle and disparage its public men, and for that reason failing perhaps into the opposite error. Beside the names above mentioned, the subjects of the sketches are Horatio Seymour, the Farmer Statesman; Charles Francis Adams, the Descendant of Presidenes; Hannibal Hamlin; Robert C. Schenck; Frederick Douglass; William Allen; Allen G. Thurman; Elihu B. Washburn, the Watch-Dog of the Treasury; and Alexander H. Stephens, the Man of the South.

YOLANDE. By William Black.

As in most of Mr. Black's stories, the salt water and the Scottish Highlands, form the scenery of Yolande, and a good many of the same old properties in the way of guns and practicable deer, and fishing rods and trout, &c., are again brought into service, but still the story is bright and well-told, and the leading characters, the heroine especially, are new and fresh. Yolande, the heroine, is the daughter of a radical M. P. and a wife from whom he has long separated, on account of her having become a slave to the use of opium. The girl has been brought up in France, in ignorance not only of her mother's condition, but even of her very existence, of which her father still endeavors to prevent her knowing anything. In the course of a journey to Egypt by steamer, and up the Nile by boat, Yolande falls in love with a young Scot, to whom she becomes engaged. Returning to Europe, the whole party betake themselves to the Highlands, where lover No 2 comes upon the scene. Then, of course, comes the inevitable disclosure concerning her mother, to whose rescue and care she hereafter devotes herself, while lover No 1, whose tory father has utterly refused to sanction the marriage, slips out of the engagement, leaving the prize to No. 2, who naturally steps in and claims it as soon as the interesting but inconvenient mother, now thoroughly reformed, does the only possible thing for her to do, and dies. The character of the two lovers, Archie and Jack, are admirably drawn, and the minor characters have each an individuality of his or her own. The story is pure, well told, and interesting.

The latest issues in Harper's *Franklin Square Library*, are "The Brooklyn Bridge" containing Mr. Conant's History of the Bridge, from the May number of *Harper's Magazine*, and Mr. Schuyler's paper "The Bridge as a Monument," from *Harper's Weekly*, with an account of the opening ceremonies, and a large number of illustrative engravings; "The Romantic Adventures of a Milkmaid," a Novel by Thomas Hardy; "Aut Cæsar Aut Nihil," a Novel by the Countess Von Bothmer; "The Senior Songman," a Novel by the author of St. Olaves; "The Foolish Virgin," a Novel by Ella Weed, and "What Hast Thou Done," a Novel by J. Fitzgerald Malloy, five stories of no great merit, but well enough as such things go, for indolent readers.

Estes & Lauriat have sent us the June and July issues of Putnam's *Topics of the Time* series, the former, "Studies in Biography" reprinting from recent English Reviews, papers on Leon Gambetta, Jonathan Swift, Miss Burney, Samuel Wilberforce, George Sand, and others; the second "Studies in Literature" consisting of half a dozen papers from the same sources, the best of which are Professor Leifchild's essay on Hamlet, from the *Contemporary Review*, and the *Blackwood* article on "American Literature in England." The plan of this series of books was well devised, and in the three numbers thus far issued, has been admirably carried out. There is a great mass of valuable literary matter in the pages of the foreign Reviews and Magazines, which is comparatively inaccessible to readers, especially in this country, owing to the limited circulation of those publications here, and the difficulty of hunting up papers on any particular subject, through the voluminous pages of so long a series of volumes. It is a great service to readers whose time and opportunities are limited, that these valuable papers should be thus sifted and arranged by subjects, and published at so low a price.

Mr. George E. Waring, Jr., was Colonel of the Fourth Missouri Cavalry during the war, and his war-horse, Vix, is made the subject of a story which the London *Spectator* was moved to call "genuinely pathetic." The story is reprinted from "Whip and Spur," a series of cavalry sketches. The animal is introduced by the recommendation of a saddler, that she was not "quite quick enough for the turf," but "she be a good 'un for a gentleman's 'ack," and her history is amusingly and touchingly told. Published by J. R. Osgood & Co.

THE FOOT AND MOUTH DISEASE.

The Treasury Cattle Commission has made a report to the Treasury Department in regard to the alleged existance of the foot and mouth disease among the cattle in this country, in which they say: Charges having been recently made in the British Parliament that cattle were being shipped from our ports infected with the foot and mouth disease, and a majority of the House of Commons having voted for a resolution opposing the importation into Great Britain of cattle from any country in which said disease exists, we feel it our duty to state the facts of the ease, so far as this country is concerned. After a most extended and almost exhaustive inquiry, your commission have been able to find no trace of foot and mouth disease, apart from herds just landed from Great Britain, and which herds have been in every case segregated until the infection has entirely disappeared. The nature and scope of our inquiry may be deduced from our report for 1881. Beginning with the great rendezvous of cattle at Kansas City, Council Bluffs and Omaha, we have made careful investigations along the lines of cattle traffic as far as the eastern seaboard. In this investigation we have included all the great stock yards where cattle are detained for feeding, watering, sale, &c., all the great feeding stables connected with distilleries and starch, glucose and other factories, all the city dairies where stock yards exist, and where the herds are replenished from such stock yards, and to a large extent the great dairying districts into which cows are drawn from the above-named stock yards and lines of travel. Up to the present date we have made observations in the stock yards at the seaboard, the terminal end of our cattle traffic and that to which all infection must gravitate, but apart from the imported cases above referred to we have been unable to find a single case of the foot and mouth disease complained of.

"GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY" is not only a sovereign remedy for consumption, but also for consumptive night-sweats, bronchitis, coughs, influenza, spitting of blood, weak lungs, shortness of breath, and kindred affections of the throat and chest. By druggists.

THE AMERICAN HOG.—In view of the restrictions placed by several foreign governments upon the importation into their respective countries, of pork, lard and bacon from the United States, which has already seriously affected one great branch of our domestic industries, and will naturally affect it still more unfavorably in the future, the Secretary of State has requested Commissioner Loring to present to the President the names of two competent persons to be by him appointed as representatives of the Agricultural Department on a commission to be selected for the purpose of making a searching examination of all the hog raising and packing industries of the United States. The New York Chamber of Commerce and the Chicago Board of Trade will also be represented on the commission, which, it is hoped will be able to lay the result of its labors before Congress early in the session, so that legislative action may be taken as soon as possible.

"WE know Heart Disease can be cured, why? because thousands say they have used Dr. Graves Heart Regulator and know it does the cure.—*Plympton News.*" $1 per bottle at druggists.

IT is estimated that domestic animals of the value of $12,500,000 are destroyed by wolves every year in European Russia. Many human lives are also lost.

"ELLIS'S Spavin Cure is an invaluable preparation and *cures*, as its proprietors claim it does," writes S. B. Mills, No. 5, Union Market, Boston, Mass.

COSMOPOLITAN MANUFACTURERS.

A few months ago, says the editor of the Lewiston, Me., *Journal*, we were loitering in the bazaar of Damascus, when we came across a Moslem saying his prayers in a little dye-house by the street side. He had a rude cauldron, and after he had bowed toward Mecca he arose, put on his red slippers and began dowsing some cotton fabric in a red dye. Our dragoman, a Maine man, had just been bewailing the difficulties of an American getting a living in the East, and we said to him, "If you will do what we advise, you shall be a rich man in less than ten years." "What might that be?" he inquired. "Find out how these Moslems get these superb colorings in cotton and other fabrics. Repeat, for instance, that Arab's tact in getting those changeless Turkey reds, and carry the art down to the Bates mill in Maine, 8000 or 10,000 miles west of here." That we said and passed on. We never should have thought of the incident again but for accidentally encountering on yesterday a Yankee achievement, the work of the looms of the Bates mills in Lewiston,—none other than a sample of Turkey-red table cloth,—which has a decided Damascene "feel," aud a decided Turkey stoutness of redness. The incident anew confirms us in our opinion which other observation intrenches, namely, that American manufacturers are fast becoming cosmopolitan in their information. Industrial art, industrial skill, knowledge of colorings, fine and choice processes in textiles are no longer Old World secrets. Even Turkey is losing her prominence as a producer of fine rugs. In the bazaars of Constantinople one is shown rugs whose colors do not stand, and the Turk frankly owns that the modern rugs are not at all comparable with the old rugs gathered from the Parphar and the Lebanon and now sold half worn, at fabulous prices. The "Smyrna" rugs now made in Philadelphia are as good as the Smyrna rugs now made in Smyrna.

BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

are made pallid and unattractive by functional irregularities, which Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" will infallibly cure. Thousands of testimonials. By druggists.

Miscellaneous Items.

☞ Dexter's hat factory at Danbury, Conn., was burned last week. Loss nearly $100,000.

☞ There was a reduction of nearly $8,000,000 in the national debt last month.

☞ A little tornado at East Hartford, Conn., last week destroyed a $6000 tobacco barn belonging to Edgar Brown.

☞ The Wright Braid Manufacturing Company's mill at Lawrence was burned Monday afternoon. Loss $150,000.

☞ The Treasury department has paid out nearly $1,000,000 on account of pensions since the 1st instant.

☞ The New York & New England freight house at Southbridge, with two or three adjacent buildings was burned on Monday.

☞ A supposed incendiary fire at Northampton last Monday totally destroyed Horace Lamb's wire and grist mills. Loss $30,000.

☞ A lot of wooden buildings were burned in Brockton last Monday night, causing a loss of about $35,000.

☞ The commercial flour mills at Detroit, Michigan, probably the best-known mills in the State, were destroyed by fire last Friday.

☞ A call has been issued by the National Prison Association for a convention of all persons interested in prison reform, to meet in Putnam Hall, Saratoga, N. Y., Sept. 7.

☞ The Clement party was expected to arrive at the Rutland Railroad meeting last week and elected its board of directors by a large majority.

☞ New Yorkers are greatly incensed over the seisure of several American vessels in Cuba by custom officials for alleged infringement of the laws.

☞ Mr. Burchard, Director of the Mint, in his annual report will recommend an adoption of a plan for the redemption of mutilated coin, to relieve innocent holders of the same.

☞ The basis of the consolidation of the New England telephone companies has been agreed upon. The American Bell Company will hold eight millions, one-half of the stock.

☞ Four more large failures in the shoe and leather trade are reported; liabilities in one case $700,000, in another $400,000, and in the other two $500,000 each.

☞ The Hon. Austin F. Pike was elected United States Senator by the joint convention of the New Hampshire Legislature on the 42 ballot, on Thursday last.

☞ An express train on the South Eastern Railway was wrecked near North Troy, Vt., last Wednesday fatally injuring one person and seriously wounding fourteen others.

☞ The portrait of Andrew Jackson has been promoted, and will hereafter adorn the new four-cent postage stamp instead of the two as formerly.

☞ The attendance at the great Southern Exposition at Louisville, Ky., has been very small except on the opening day, and the managers are somewhat disappointed.

☞ Thirty buildings on Port street, San Francisco, were burned on Saturday, the property loss aggregating $200,000. Harry Morgan, an actor, was burned to death.

☞ Hon. Bradley Barlow, President and owner of the South Eastern Railway and President of the Vermont National Bank of St. Albans, has failed. The bank and the St. Albans Trust Company have also suspended.

☞ An extensive programme has been arranged for four days' reunion of veterans at Weirs, N. H., next month, in which is included a sham fight, representing the battle of Malvern Hill.

☞ Henry G. Town's grocery store and dwelling, J. R. Robinson's undertaking shop, the two principal buildings in Hardwick Centre, Mass., were burned on Monday. Loss $15,000.

☞ James Corliss and Hora B. Wallace, of Hudson, N. H., were instantly killed on Saturday night, while attempting to cross the track of the Nashua & Rochester Railroad, near Hudson, in a wagon.

☞ There was a very severe hail storm in some portions of New York State last Thursday. Birds and fowls were killed, graperies ruined and much other loss sustained by farmers and others.

☞ Lightning set fire to the barn, sheds and house of Henry Lathrop in South Windsor, Conn., on Wednesday. About twenty-five tons of hay, four tons of straw, the farming tools and three hogs were burned.

☞ Peach trains will be run over the New York & New England road this season as in the past few years. They will probably begin to run next week. The crop in Maryland, Delaware, and New Jersey is said to be large.

☞ A new Internal Revenue regulation will compel brewers to take oath as to the various substances used in the manufacture of beer and present the sworn statement to the Internal Revenue Office.

☞ A bold but unsuccessful attempt was made to wreck a passenger train on the Boston & Albany Railroad near Worcester, Mass., last Thursday afternoon by placing an obstruction on the track. Two Italian boys have been arrested for the crime.

☞ Bush fires have spread over the entire country of British Columbia, and everywhere flame and smoke reign supreme. The sky is filled with smoke so dense that the sun's rays cannot break through it. There has been no rain for nearly three months.

☞ A Washington report says that a treaty, offensive and defensive, has been entered into by Germany and Mexico; Bismark's purpose is said to be to test the pretentions of the United States with reference to the Monroe Doctrine.

☞ Advance sheets of the Vermont state treasurer's report for the fiscal year ended July 31, show the total debt of the state to be $175,000, of which $135,000 is bonded and $40,000 floating debt. The receipts of the year were $583,500, and the disbursements $532,672.

☞ Prof. Liautard of the New York Veterinary College visited the South Orange (New Jersey) horse car stables last week with several other experts and pronounced seventeen horses diseased with glanders. The State Board of Health will take measures to quarantine the stables and prevent the disease spreading.

☞ Says the Springfield *Republican:* "A bank man from this city coming up from Boston on the train Wednesday had a pistol-shot pass through the car window and directly in front of his face, about a mile out from Boston. His cheek was covered with the fine glass slivers from a clean round hole which was made through the window, with very little cracking of the glass."

☞ On Wednesday last a freight train of the Troy & Boston road collided with a freight train of the Troy & Boston road, between Petersburg Junction, Mass., and Pownal, Vt. Both trains were wrecked and five employes killed. The accident was caused by the employment of a 17 year old boy as telegrapher, and working him 16 hours out of 24, so that he got too tired to attend to his duties.

☞ Major William W. Beebe of the signal service committed suicide in Washington on Tuesday last.

☞ A special despatch from Dodge City, Kansas, says the Texas fever has broken out there among the native cattle, and they are dying off in great numbers. One man has been arrested for driving in cattle with fever.

☞ The Governor and council of New Hampshire have appointed Hon. B. F. Prescott of Epping a trustee of the New Hampshire College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts, vice Hanson Beede of Meredith, resigned.

☞ Gloomy reports of yellow fever are being received from Vera Cruz. All the officers and crews of three Norwegian vessels in port there have died. The epidemic raging there at present is the worst that has visited the place for many years.

☞ A fire last Tuesday evening destroyed the warehouses, stables and wharves of the Knickerbocker Ice Company at Philadelphia. Forty-three horses and four mules perished. The Philadelphia & Reading Railroad freight depot adjoining was damaged. Loss $50,000.

☞ During the past eighteen months 240,000 Springfield rifles and 25,000,000 rounds of fixed ammunition, besides a large amount of other war material, in all valued at $5,000,000, have been sent from this country to China.

☞ American capital has been largely invested in sugar making in San Domingo during the past few years, with the result, according to Consul Attwood, of increasing the production from 2,000,000 pounds in 1877 to 40,000,000 pounds the present year, and the yield will be doubled next year.

"THE enterprising firm of Hood & Co., are doing a rushing business in Hood's Sarsaparilla and Hood's Pills, both which are highly esteem and appreciated by thousands who have tested their efficacy. The Sarsaparilla has effected wonderful cures, not only in this city, but in various parts of New England, where its merits are known."—*Ed. Lowell Daily Citizen.*

The Markets.

BOSTON RETAIL PRICES.

Inside of Faneuil Hall Market.

WEDNESDAY, Aug. 8, 1883.

[Corrected weekly by HILTON & WOODWARD, No. 5, *Veal and Mutton;* GEO. H. RUSSELL, Nos. 17 & 19, *Poultry and Game;* H. BIRD & CO., Nos. 38 & 40, *Beef, Pork, Lard and Hams;* CROSBY, BROS. & CO., Nos. 57 & 59, *Butter, Cheese and Eggs;* SANDS, FURBER & CO., Nos. 88 & 90, *Fruit and Vegetables;* SHATTUCK & JONES, No. 128, *Fish;* GEO. E. RICHARDSON & CO., No. 1, F. H. Square, *Fruit and Nuts.*]

Butter, Cheese and Eggs.

Butter, ₩ lb—		Cheese, ₩ lb	12 @ 16
Lump,	25 @ 30	Sage,	18 @ 20
Creamery,	25 @ 30	Ble, cash,	20 @ 25
Prime tub,	22 @ 25	Neufchatel, ea	6 @ 6
2d quality,	20 @ 22	Eggs, ₩ doz	23 @ 25
common,	15 @ 18	Yage,	26 @ 30

Fruits and Berries.

Apples—₩ pk	50 @ 60	Grapes—	
Blackberries,bx	20 @ 25	Hamburg, lb	@
Blueberries,bx	15 @ 18	Lemons, ₩ doz	25 @ 30
Canteloupes,ea	15 @ 25	Oranges, ₩ doz	50 @ 75
Cranberries, qt	@ 20	Pineapples, ea	15 @ 25
Cocoanuts, ea	5 @ 8	Raspberries, bx	25 @ 30
Currants, bx	10 @ 15	Watermelons,ea	25 @ 40

Fruits and Nuts—Dry and Canned.

Almonds, ₩ lb	20 @ 30	Prunes, ₩ lb	8 @ 20
Apples, ₩ lb	15 @ 20	Peaches, ₩ lb	@ @
Castans, ₩ lb	8 @ 10	₩ qt can	20 @ 35
Citron, ₩ lb	18 @ 20	Raisins,lay's ₩ lb	6 @ 30
Dates, ₩ lb	10 @ 15	Valencias, ₩ lb10 @	13
Figs, ₩ lb	10 @ 15	Sultanas, ₩ qt	30 @ 50
Filberts, ₩ lb	15 @ 20	Walnuts, Eng.	15 @ 20
Peanuts, ₩ lb	10 @ 15	Naples,	@ 20
Pecans,	14 @ 17	Zante cur'nts, lb	10 @ 12

Vegetables.

Beans, ₩ pk	87 @ 90	green, pk	@ 50
shell, ₩ qt	@ 30	Potatoes, ₩ pk	@ 30
Beets, ₩ pk	@ 25	₩ bushel	1 00 @ 1 25
Cabbages, ea	10 @ 15	₩ bbl	2 25 @ 2 50
Carrots, ₩ pk	@ 50	Sage and Thyme—	
Cucumbers, ea	@ 2	₩ bch	@ 6
Garlic, ₩ oz	12 @ 15	Squashes—	
Lettuce, ₩ head	@ 5	Marrow, ₩ lb	@ 4
Mushrooms, lb	50 @ 75	Summer, ea	5 @ 6
Onions, ₩ pk	@ 50	Tomatoes, qt	@ 10
Parsley, ₩ pk	@ 50	Turnips, ₩ pk	@ 35
Peas, split, ₩ qt	@ 10		

Meats—Fresh.

Beef, ₩ lb—		Mutton—	
Sirloin steak	22 @ 28	legs, ₩ lb	13 @ 17
Round do.	15 @ 25	fore qr, ₩ lb	10 @ 13
Rib, roast	15 @ 20	chops, ₩ lb	17 @ 23
Chuck rib	10 @ 12	Pork, ₩ lb—	
Soup pieces	6 @ 8	Roast & steak	11 @ 13
Liver	8 @ 10	Suet, ₩ lb	@ 11
Hash, sheep,ea	@ 10	Tallow, ₩ lb	8 @ 10
Lamb—		Veal, hind qr ₩ lb	17 @ 20
hind qr, ₩ lb	13 @ 20	fore qr	10 @ 13
fore qr, ₩ lb	10 @ 13	loins,	12 @ 15
Lard, leaf, ₩ lb	12 @ 15	Sweetbreads,	30 @ 50
Tried,	13 @ 15		

Meats—Salt, Smoked, &c.

Pork, hams, ₩ lb	13 @ 16	Smoked, ea	87 @ 1 00
Bacon, ₩ lb	13 @ 16	Sheep do ₩ doz	@ @
Shoulders, ₩ lb	10 @ 13	Pigs' feet, ₩ lb	6 @ 8
Salt, ₩ lb	12 @ 14	Sausage, ₩ lb	10 @ 15
Beef, corned, ₩ lb	9 @ 12	Bologna, ₩ lb	12 @ 15
Smoked, ₩ lb	9 @ 12	Tripe, ₩ lb	10 @ 12
Tongues, ₩ lb	13 @ 15		

Poultry and Game.

Chickens, ₩ lb	20 @ 30	Pigeons, ₩ doz	2 00 @ 2 50
spring, ₩ lb	30 @ 40	squabs, ₩ pr	75 @ 1 00
Ducks, choice, lb	20 @ 28	Pigs, sck'g, ea	3 00 @ 5 00
Geese, ₩ lb	18 @ 20	quarters, ₩ lb	10 @ 15
Green, ₩ lb	15 @ 25	Turkeys,—	
Green, ₩ lb	18 @ 22	choice, ₩ lb	25 @ 30

Fish—Fresh.

Bass, ₩ lb	@ 20	Halibut, ₩ lb	@ 15
Bluefish, ₩ lb	@ @	chicken, ₩ lb	@ 17
Cod, ₩ lb	@ 7	Mackerel, ea	10 @ 15
pickled, ₩ lb	@ 8	Spanish, ₩ lb	@ 25
tongues, ₩ pair	@ 25	Perch, dor, ea	@ 10
cheeks, ₩ lb	@ 10	Pickerel, ₩ lb	12 @ 15
liver oil, qt	@ 40	Trout, salmon, ₩ lb	@ 15
Cusk, ₩ lb	@ @	Salmon, shore, ₩ lb	@ 20
Eels, ₩ lb	@ 15	Salmon, lb	@ 30
Flounders, ea	6 @ 10	Sturgeon, ₩ lb	@ 8
Haddock, ₩ lb	@ 7	Swordfish, ₩ lb	@ 15

Fish—Dry, Smoked, Shell, &c.

Cod, dry, ₩ lb	8 @ 10	Mackerel—	
Clams, ₩ gal	60 @ 75	Split, cwt	@ 8
Crabs,soft shell,dz	1 00	Salt, ₩ kit	3 00 @ 5 00
Green turtle, ₩ lb	@ 20	Lobster, ₩ lb	@ 10
Halibut, smok'd ₩ lb	@ 17	Oysters—Lunch size	
Fins, ₩ lb	@ 12	₩ gall	1 00 @ 1 40
Herrings, do. ₩ dz	@ 20	Salmon, smkd lb	20 @ 25
Scaled, ₩ box	@ 35	Pickled, ₩ gal	@ 20
Little neck clams—		Tongues and Sounds—	
₩ 100	@ 50	₩ lb	@ 12

BOSTON PRODUCE MARKET.

WEDNESDAY, August 8, 1883.

The market remains in the same listless condition previously noticed, the demand being mostly local, and transactions limited.

Butter.—Receipts of the week 18,396 pkgs and 1668 bxs. The market is very quiet, with buyers taking only such supplies as they can work off readily. Business being thus mostly in a small way, prices asked are somewhat above quotations, which are for round lots from receivers' hands. We quote choice Western creamery at 21@22c per lb; good to choice do at 20@21c; Western dairy at 14@16c; ladle-packed at 14@16c; fair to good at 10@12c; fresh Northern creameries nominal at 22@23c; fresh New York dairy at 19@20c; do Vermont at 19@21c; fair to good at 15@18c.

Cheese.—Receipts of the week 10,997 boxes and — pkgs. The market is an easier tone to the market, and buyers are somewhat shy about investing; quotations however, cannot be changed, 10c being an outside figure for choice Northern factories, and for some lots of selected dairy cheese, and 8½@9c the general range for fair to good lots.

At Little Falls, N. Y., 10,000 bxs of cheese were sold —4500 bxs at 9½c, 4000 bxs at 9½c; others consigned. One lot special was sold at 9½c. Factory men are inclined to hold firm.

At Utica, N. Y., 12,000 bxs of cheese were sold at 9@ 9½c; ruling price 9½c.

Eggs.—Receipts of the week 5840 boxes and 14 bbls. The dem

New England Farmer,

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, BY

DARLING & KEITH,

34 Merchants Row, Boston, Mass.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements, 1st insertion, 12 cts. per line.
Each subsequent insertion, 8 " " "
Business Notices, first " 15 " " "
Each subsequent " 12 " " "
Reading Matter Notices, . . . 50 " " "

Advertisements must be sent in as early in the week on Tuesday, to secure insertion.

Advertisers are charged for the space occupied in solid nonpareil measure.

Transient advertising must be prepaid.

Cuts inserted without extra charge.

No advertisement inserted for less than one dollar.

Special terms for Probate and Farm Advertising.

☞ The above are *net* prices for all advertising less than $100 in amount.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

The following gentlemen, who are authorized Agents for the NEW ENGLAND FARMER, will canvass for subscribers and collections in the following Counties in New England:—

G. W. NYE, ... ESSEX CO., MASS.
FREEMAN ROBBINS, . . . WASHINGTON, VT.
F. W. CHEEVER, ... CALEDONIA CO., VT.
A. W. WINGATE, ... SOMERSET, PISCATAQUIS and PENOBSCOT COS., ME.
LESTER BARNES, ... BRISTOL CO., MS.
D. G. STEVENS, ...

Subscribers are requested to forward their subscriptions without waiting for the Agent to call. The date on their label will always show how far they have paid up.

Farmers' Directory.

The Business Houses whose cards appear in this column are among the best and most reliable in the city.

NEW ENGLAND MORTGAGE AND INVESTMENT COMPANY.
DIVIDENDS APRIL AND OCTOBER.
Four per cent. semi-annual dividend declared and payable October 1,
AT ROOM 29, ROGERS' BUILDING, BOSTON, Mass.
N. B.—A few shares of this desirable stock for sale at par. SETH E. BROWN, C. D. MILES.

ESTABLISHED 1856.
WM. F. BROOKS & CO.
Commission Merchants, and Wholesale Dealers in
FLOUR AND COUNTRY PRODUCE,
Butter, Cheese, Eggs, Beans, Pork, Lard, Poultry, Dried Apples, &c.
Country Consignments Solicited.
28 Blackstone St., under New England House.
WM. F. BROOKS. BOSTON. CHAS. O. BROOKS.

FURNITURE.
Established in 1836.
W. P. B. BROOKS,
DEALER IN
FURNITURE, CARPETINGS,
Stoves, Feathers, Mattresses, Clocks, &c.
151 HANOVER STREET,
14 Blackstone St. BOSTON. 9 Marshall St.

INSURANCE.
Quincy Mutual Fire Insurance Co.
CASH FUND, JANUARY 1, 1883, $482,451.87
Surplus over Re-Insurance, ... $271,818.40
Gain in Cash Fund the past year, ... 22,366.07
Gain in Cash surplus the past year, ... 18,309,66
AND EVERY LOSS PAID IN FULL.
Amount at risk, $26,117,877 00.
Total Liabilities, $190,632.57
Dividends paid on every Expiring Policy: 50 per cent. on 5 years, 30 per cent. on 3 years, and 20 per cent. on all others.
ISRAEL W. MUNROE, Pres't and Treas
CHAS. A. HOWLAND, Sec'y. 17

General Intelligence.

PERSONAL.

Secretary Teller says the Indian problem is fast reaching a solution. It is found in education and the adoption of agricultural pursuits by the red men. The day for military management has gone by.

A movement is on foot in London for the erection of a memorial to and the raising of a fund for the assistance of the family of Capt. Webb, who lost his life while endeavoring to swim the rapids below Niagara Falls.

William Masters, who recently died at Maidstone, Vt., is said to have been born in Andover, Mass., in 1772, thus being 111 at his death. He has lived at Plainfield and East Strafford, N. H., where he was a blacksmith most of his life.

Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, and Miss Susan B. Anthony have been received with marked attention by the leading suffragists of England. Receptions have been held in their honor, and meetings organized for the express purpose of hearing these eloquent speakers. A very influential meeting was held at Prince's Hall, Piccadilly, at which Mrs. Stanton gave an admirable address on the religious and educational aspect of the suffrage movement. Miss Anthony followed with an address on the position of women in America. It is just forty-three years ago since Mrs. Stanton's first visit to London. On that memorable occasion this lady and Lucretia Mott, both delegates to the World's Anti-Slavery Convention, organized the first woman suffrage convention ever held in America.

After forty-seven years of service as Professor of Chemistry at Dartmouth Medical College, Oliver Payson Hubbard, M. D., LL. D., has resigned the chair and been made Professor emeritus. Prof. Edwin J. Bartlett of Dartmouth College will fill the vacancy during the present lecture term, which opened August 1st.

William M. Evarts is to deliver the annual address at the joint exhibition of the Vermont State Agricultural Society and Champlain Valley Association at Howard Park, Burlington, in September.

The man who has given $1,000,000 to establish a new university in Wisconsin proves to be Charles L. Colby, a son of Gardner Colby, who endowed the college which bears his name at Waterville, Me.

Mr. Flood, the "Bonanza King," will begin the erection of a magnificent residence on Nob Hill, San Francisco, the coming winter. It will cost $5,000,000 and surpass Vanderbilt's house in splendor of interior decoration. It is reported that the pictures Mr. Mackay is buying so liberally in Europe are intended for its walls.

It is stated that a daughter of the late King Cetewayo lives in Providence, R. I., where she lets lodgings and does washing and ironing.

The Hon. George B. Loring, Commissioner of Agriculture, is attending the National Forestry Convention, at St. Paul, Wis.

The recent tragic death of Captain Matthew Webb will lend a melancholy interest to an article on "Sea-Bathing and Floating," from his pen, which appears in the current number of *Harper's Young People*. It is a pleasant and readable paper, full of useful hints to the young bather. Curious to say, one of the lessons which the ill-fated swimmer endeavors to impress upon the readers of his article is the difference between "pluck" and "foolhardiness." *Harper's Weekly* contains a good portrait of Captain Webb.

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.—At Horticultural Hall last Saturday, the display of hybrid perpetual roses, of native ferns and cut flowers, was quite attractive. Mr. John B. Moore, as usual, carried off the prizes for the roses, the blooms exhibited by him being of marked excellence. A small but interesting collection of pears and fruits was shown. The following prizes were awarded: Hybrid perpetual roses, John B. Moore & Son; stocks, Wm. Patterson; balsams, E. Sheppard; cut flowers, F. B. Hayes, W. K. Wood, Mrs. E. M. Gill; vase of flowers, Mrs. A. D. Wood; native ferns, Mrs. P. D. Richards; herbaceous plants, Mrs. L. P. Weston; blackberries, James Nugent, A. S. McIntosh; gooseberries, B. G. Smith; pears, E. W. Wood, P. Meigs; apricots, Horace Eaton, Hovey & Co., M. Darling, Jr.; a gratuity to Samuel Hartwell for peaches and apples; squashes, Josiah Crosby, Warren Heustis; sweet corn, L. W. Weston, S. Hartwell; tomatoes, C. N. Brackett, S. Hartwell; gratuities to S. Hartwell for Clark's No. 1 potatoes and tomatoes, and to Warren Heustis for potatoes and pippins.

DR. PIERCE'S "PELLETS"—little liver pills (sugar-coated)—purify the blood, speedily correct all disorders of the liver, stomach, and bowels. By druggists.

THE copper product of Arizona last year was over 17,000,000 pounds. Thus far this year the increase has been thirty-eight per cent., and as new furnaces are going up the output will probably be at least 25,000,000 pounds for 1883.

AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITIONS. 1883.

We give below our list of Agricultural Fairs to be held during the coming autumn, as far as we have yet been informed. We desire to include in this list every agricultural or horticultural exhibition in New England, however local it may be, and we would respectfully request our friends, particularly the officers of County and Village Societies, Farmers' Clubs, and all similar associations which intend to hold an exhibition this fall, to notify us of the date and place of such exhibitions as soon as the same are decided upon.

State, Provincial, &c.

American Institute,	New York,	Oct. 3–Nov. 30
American Pomological Society,	Philadelphia, Pa.	Sept. 12–14
Massachusetts Hort.,	Boston,	Sept. 19–22
Do.	do.	Nov. 8–9
New England,	Manchester, N. H.	Sept. 4–7
Maine,	Lewiston,	Sept. 18–21
New Hampshire,	Manchester,	Sept. 4–7
Vermont,	Burlington,	Sept. 10–14
Rhode Island,	Providence,	Sept. 25–28
Connecticut,	Meriden,	Sept. 18–21
New York,	Rochester,	Sept. 10–14
Canada, Dominion,	St. John, N. B.	Oct. 2–5
Ontario,	Guelph,	Sept. 24–29
Nova Scotia,	Truro,	Sept. 25–30

County and Local.

MAINE.

Aroostook,	Houlton,	Sept. 28, 29
Cumberland Co.,	Portland,	Sept. 11–14
Cumberland Farm. Club,	Cumberland,	Sept. 26, 27
Franklin,	Farmington,	Oct. 9–11
Kennebec,	Readfield Cor.,	Oct. 2–4
Knox, North,	Hope,	Oct. 9–11
Lincoln,	Damariscotta,	Oct. 2–4
Oxford,	Norway,	Oct. 2–4
Oxford, West,	Fryeburg,	Oct. 9–11
Penobscot, West,	Exeter,	Sept. 25, 26
Piscataquis, East,	Milo,	Sept. 26, 27
Sagadahoc,	Topsham,	Oct. 9–11

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Belknap Co.,	Laconia,	Sept. 18–20
Grafton Co.,	Plymouth,	Sept. 25–27
Oak Park Ass'n,	Greenfield,	Sept. 18, 19

VERMONT.

Addison Co.,	Middlebury,	Sept. 3–5
Caledonia Co.,	St. Johnsbury,	Sept. 18–20
Champlain Valley,	Burlington,	Sept. 10–14
Dog River Valley,	Northfield,	Sept. 25–27
Franklin Co.	Sheldon,	Aug. 29–31
Lamoille,	Morristown,	Sept. 25–27
Orange Co.,	Bradford,	Sept. 25–27
Poultney,	Poultney,	Sept. 18–20
White River,	Bethel,	Sept. 18–20

MASSACHUSETTS.

Amesbury & Salisbury,	Newburyport,	Oct. 2, 3
Attleboro' Farmers and Mechanics	Attleboro',	Oct. 2 4
Barnstable,	Barnstable,	Sept. 25, 26
Berkshire,	Pittsfield,	Oct. 2–4
Bristol,	Taunton,	Sept. 25–27
Deerfield Valley,	Charlemont,	Sept. 20, 21
Essex,	Salem,	Sept. 25, 26
Franklin,	Greenfield,	Sept. 27, 28
Grafton Farm. Club,	Grafton,	Sept. 13
Hampden,	Chicopee,	Sept. 25–27
Hampden East,	Palmer,	Sept. 18, 19
Hampshire,	Amherst,	Sept. 20, 21
Hampshire, Franklin, &c.,	Northampton,	Oct. 3–5
Highland,	Middlefield,	Sept. 13, 14
Hingham,	Hingham,	Sept. 25, 26
Hoosac Valley,	North Adams,	Sept. 18, 19
Housatonic,	Gt. Barrington,	Sept. 26–28
Lancaster Farm. Club,	Lancaster	Sept. 6
Marshfield,	Marshfield,	Sept. 12–14
Martha's Vineyard,	West Tisbury,	Oct. 2, 3
Middlesex,	Concord,	Sept. 25–27
Middlesex, North,	Lowell,	Sept. 25, 26
Middlesex, South,	Framingham,	Sept. 18, 19
Nantucket,	Nantucket,	Sept. 5, 6
Plymouth,	Bridgewater,	Sept. 19–21
Union,	Blandford,	Sept. 18, 19
Worcester,	Worcester,	Sept. 20, 21
Worcester, North,	Fitchburg,	Sept. 25, 26
Worcester, Northwest,	Athol,	Oct. 3
Worcester, South,	Sturbridge,	Sept. 13, 14
Worcester, Southeast,	Milford,	Sept. 25–27
Worcester, West,	Barre,	Sept. 27, 28
Westboro Ag'l Soc'y,	Westboro,	Sept. 27

RHODE ISLAND.

Washington,	West Kingston,	Sept. 18–20
Woonsocket,	Woonsocket,	Sept. 18–20

CONNECTICUT.

Chester,	Chester,	Sept. 26
Clinton,	Clinton,	Oct. 3
Danbury,	Danbury,	Oct. 1–6
Fairfield Co.,	Norwalk,	Sept. 11, 12
Guilford,	Guilford,	Sept. 25
Killingworth,	Killingworth,	Sept. 27
Milford and Orange,	Milford,	Sept. 18, 19
New London Co.,	Norwich,	Sept. 25–27
New Milford,	New Milford,	Sept. 27–29
Southington,	Southington,	Oct. 9–11
Tolland Co., East,	Stafford Springs,	Oct. 10, 11
Union (Monroe, &c.,)	Huntington,	Sept. 19–21
Watertown,	Watertown,	Sept. 25–27
Westbrook,	Westbrook,	Oct. 10
Willimantic Far. Club,	Willimantic,	Oct. 2–4
Windham Co.,	Brooklyn,	Sept. 18–20
Woodbridge and Bethany,	Woodbridge,	Sept. 3, 4
Woodbury,	Woodbury,	Sept. 12, 13
Woodstock,	Woodstock,	Sept. 25–27

OUR MINERAL PRODUCTIONS.

The chief of the Division of Mining Statistics, Technology and Geological Survey of the United States has just given some figures respecting the mineral production of this country during the year 1882 and the first six months of 1883. One may derive some idea of the extent of our mineral wealth from the fact that during the year 1882 the value of the metallic products was $219,756,004, exclusive of other mining productions. This is a very large amount, and we can get an idea of the extent of our industry when the fact is revealed that not until the year 1852 did the value of our exports or imports reach that figure. Iron heads the list of the mineral productions in point of value, the spot value of pig iron for that year being $106,336,429, and for the first six months of this year the value of the same was $60,024,226. Silver stands next in the list in regard to value, its coinage value for 1882 being $46,800,000. Gold, once second and probably first in regard to value thirty years ago, is now third, its coinage value in 1882 being $32,500,000. Copper is fourth in the list, with a value of $16,038,091. Lead follows with a product valued at $12,625,550; zinc, $3,646,620; quicksilver, $1,487,537. But coal constitutes the most valuable product of the mines, its value for 1882 being $146,635,581, and for the first half of the present year $69,025,226. Some of the other non-metallic products taken out of the bowels of the earth are lime, $21,700,000; petroleum, $23,704,698; salt, $4,320,148; cement, $3,572,750. The total value of non-metallic products in 1882 was $226,156,402, which added to the metals makes an aggregate of $445,912,406. Thus it appears that the subterranean wealth of this country is a large factor in our industrial greatness.

GOOD health is the greatest of fortunes; no remedy has so often restored this prize to the suffering, as Hood's Sarsaparilla. Try it.

A FRENCH scientific periodical suggests a joint occupation of Mecca by the several European Powers for the purpose of stopping pilgrimages thither and thereby preventing the further dissemination of cholera through the crowding of people in such pestilential a city, especially when the Ramadan falls in summer.

DOES your heart ever seem to stop and you feel a death-like sensation, do you have sharp pains in region of your heart—you have Heart Disease. Try Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator. $1. per bottle.

THE use of oil stoves has greatly diminished the consumption of coal among the poorer classes in New York. Before they became common the dealers got at the rate of $15 per ton for coal. That cheating has largely been stopped.

"I AM happy to say," writes W. C. Morrill, 170 Tremont St., Boston, Mass., "that Ellis's Spavin Cure is the best in the market. It cured my horse of a large *Bone Spavin*, after other liniments, &c., had failed."

A HEAVY squeeze of the surface has been gradually breaking the timber and crumbling pillars at the Star colliery, at Shamokin, Pa., and the proprietors have decided to abandon the colliery.

BAD CASE OF ST. VITUS DANCE.—Minister, is the singular name of a town situated in Auglaize Co., Ohio. It is the residence of Mr. J. Brandewie, who writes: "*Samaritan Nervine* permanently cured my son of a bad case of St. Vitus Dance." $1.50.

PEANUTS are now ground into flour in Virginia, and make peculiarly palatable biscuits. In Georgia they are ground or pounded and turned into pastry.

HOP PLASTERS are clean, sweet and pleasant to use. Fresh Hops combined with Balsams and Gums. More powerful than any other porous plasters. 25 cts.

A CAVE, surpassing the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, in extent and magnificence, is reported to have been discovered on Lookout Mountain, near Fort Payne, Ala.

VEGETINE.—"The life of all flesh is the blood thereof." And no one can possibly be healthy when the blood is diseased. VEGETINE is composed of substances identical with healthy blood; and when taken into the system for the cure of disease, it is absorbed, and replaces the deficiency which caused the disease.

A WESTCHESTER (Pa.) gentleman has adopted a novel method to save his cherries from the birds. He has hung a string of sleigh bells in one of his trees, to which a cord is attached leading to the house, with which the bells are occasionally rung. The birds give the trees a wide berth.

THE use of asparagus as an article of diet dates back to the most ancient historic times, and although its action upon some of the secretory organs of the body has been well known during all these centuries, still it is not until very recently that its therapeutic properties have been fully understood or turned to the benefit of suffering humanity. Morse's Asparagus Kidney Cure is the first successful effort to render available the really wonderful medicinal qualities of this common garden plant. See advertisement in another column.

THE EXPERIMENTS IN SUGAR.

The Department of Agriculture has for some time been engaged in a series of experiments for the purpose of testing the practicability of the profitable production of sugar from sorghum. It has from time to time published the result of these experiments, which indicate a varying success. The most noticeable publication of the department on this subject is the report of the commission of chemists, to which the matter was referred. This report enters into an explanation of the different varieties of the plant and the methods of cultivation, with a full account of the experiments in different parts of the country. The experiments have not all been successful, but enough of them have been attended with a degree of success that proved that it only needs skill and experience to make sugar production a profitable industry.

In two instances, one in New Jersey and the other in Wisconsin, the experiments, on an extended scale, were entirely satisfactory. In other cases the experiments were little short of failures. All of these trials go to show that success can only be secured by the aid of the fullest experience. Especially is the skill of the chemist required to determine the conditions of success which are now evidently quite unknown. If left to the unskilled, the production of sugar from sorghum will never become a prosperous industry. On the contrary, if the Government, through the Bureau of Agriculture, causes extended experiments to be made by scientific men and encourages the industry by every proper means, the production of sugar from sorghum will, without fail, become a prominent industry. One thing specially in favor of the industry, is that the sorghum can be grown on very ordinary land. The New Jersey success was in raising the plant on a light, sandy soil, much too poor for the cultivation of corn. If any productive industry can make this now comparatively worthless soil valuable, that much, at least, will be gained by sorghum culture. At the present time the people of the United States send out of the country a hundred million dollars every year to buy sugar. To save a portion of this vast amount of money and to build up an industry that will supply any considerable part of the sugar our people consume, is an enterprise well worth the hearty encouragement of the Government.—*Journal.*

COLD STORAGE.

Few Bostonians in the midst of our heated days would imagine that there is one spot in this city where they may be chilled, in spite of the dog star, by perpetual snow and February breaths. Still less would they dream that this wintry oasis is to be found in the heart of the North End, and in company, not with the boulders of ice and salt, deemed essential to artificial cooling, but with furnaces, engines and compound chemicals. The Bard of Twickenham, with a touch of fancy, limited January and May, but the ingenuity of a Boston enterprise can join any winter to summer months, as far as the sense of feeling will testify. Even Faraday and the explorers in the world of chemistry, when they pressed the most volatile gases into the liquid state, could not have foreseen to what extent the discoveries would be utilized for practical benefit. The principle that rapid evaporation, or passing from the liquid to the gaseous state, absorbs heat, and therefore generates cold in its surroundings, was readily recognized by scientists, but it remained for an American inventor to turn it to account on a large scale, by a machine for supplying all the services of ice, while avoiding its disadvantages. The Mechanical Refrigerating Company, 116–122 North street, which has control of the patents and process alluded to, has found that provisions can be preserved at less cost and with drier and more completely regulated cold air by the rapid expansion of compressed ammonia than by the use of ice.

Another advantage is found in the fact that while the bulk of ice deprives the ordinary cold storage warehouse of two-fifths the whole space, the mechanical process requires only one-tenth. The expense of renewing the supply of cooling material is also reduced to a minimum, as the ammonia is used over and over continually, as it expands from liquid to gas, and is again pressed down from a gas to a liquid. In one of the apartments of the storage house are seen a few jars of the water of ammonia. This fluid is forced into a sort of still, where, being heated by steam pipes, the gas is driven off into the receptacle, where it is so compressed by a huge pump devised for the purpose that it becomes a liquid. It then passes into the cooling room, the heat imparted to it by the compressing having first been removed by contact with Cochituate water in pipes. Being suddenly released from pressure on passing from a narrow pipe to a large wheel, made up of larger pipes, the ammonia, by the inherent bias of its nature for the gaseous form, expands and rushes with immense rapidity through the convolutions of the wheel. The amount of heat absorbed by this transformation to gas imparts an intense degree of cold to the wheel. Here an improvement in the device is noted over those originally employed, the wheel being made to revolve in connection with a device to scrape off the snow which accumulates on the pipes by the contact with moisture in the surrounding air. The falling of the fine spray of beautiful snow, and the rising accumulation under foot, remind one of a light wintry snowfall. When covered with the deposit of snow the pipes would naturally offer only 32 degrees of cold over which to pass the air to be cooled, but when kept clear, as by this process, they give a cooling surface many degrees below zero. The cold air in this room is pumped into the various storage apartments of the building, and regulated to a nicety by means of slides, so that a person can order the temperature he desires, at will. The two machines at work in this building are capable of cooling 200,000 cubic feet of room, one of them accomplishing three-fourths of the amount of work required for this purpose. Passing from the heated engine and motor rooms, the visitor feels a chilliness that somewhat shocks at the entrance in the rooms where the articles are preserved, the average of 17 Farenheit being kept. The process is capable of preserving all the kinds of goods for which ice is commonly employed, and with none of the moisture which the latter unavoidably imparts. So complete is the arrangement of the system, that not only the ammonia, but the cold air, is made to serve almost continuously, the air being pumped out at intervals, when necessary, and purified by contact with the frosty elements.

THE CHOLERA IN EGYPT.

No Oriental, says the London *Spectator*, has the Western horror of death, having been wearied to suffocation with life for continuous generations, and the Mussulman Asiatic believes, in addition, that the summons comes direct from the Almighty will. Who is he that he should resist God, or complain of Him, or seek to turn Him aside? He will not even pray to Him for deliverance from His visible message, and, with death poured out around him like water, passes on to his work, nurses his sick as usual, or at the worst announces that it is the will of God that the people retire into the desert, the single efficacious expedient on which European army surgeons rely. Of course, under such circumstances death does its worst; but there is no disturbance of life, no dissolution of society, no pause in daily business, no outbreak of blasphemy, such as has often occurred in French or Italian cities. The women pass, and the men disappear, and the children sink in quiet, but the community goes on, to the eye, almost unharmed. Some faces you know are away, the sound of the wailing, unchanged since the march of the Israelites, is heard from many houses, instead of few, and bearded men shudder visibly if you ask for their children; but there is no break in the stately calm of life, in the haughty resignation. "Did I will to be born?" asked a Mussulman of the writer, urging on him that a peculiarly fetid ditch ought to be cleaned, for it might kill him; and though the ditch remained, he died when his time came, unmurmuring.

Damietta and Mansourah would, as Mussulman cities, have suffered and recovered, but they are not Mussulman cities. Above them, overshadowing them like a cloud, drifts European opinion, which demands gently that disease be treated scientifically, and imperiously that it be isolated. The Governor of Egypt perforce listens to the command, and perforce obeys it, and the unhappy towns are ringed in by cordons of troops, with orders to shoot down all who emerge. So stringent are these orders that it is said the Europeans of Damietta, maddened with fear and pity, attacked the cordon in arms and were driven back by the bayonet, not without deaths—a trivial horror compared with those we shall know when the pest-houses are opened once more. And there, Europe having been obeyed, the government stops. Why should the Egyptian ministers do more? They know nothing of hygiene; their own immovable belief is that destiny is irreversible, and that their own orders are futile, that death and life are in the hands of Allah.

CONSUMPTION CURED.—An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections. Also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, *149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

THE PHYLLOXERA IN CALIFORNIA.

A prominent Chicago business man who has recently made an extended tour through New Mexico and Colorado, says: "The phylloxera—the insect which has ravaged the vineyards of France—has attacked the California vines, also. The people would shoot any one who would say such a thing there, but a gentleman in whom I have every confidence, told me that a certain unknown insect that has given the growers great trouble the last season, is simply the genuine phylloxera. He showed me the insect, and some of the ravages it was making. The people say that the insect attacks only the weakly, useless vines, but my informant said that it might be taken for what it was worth. He went so far as to prophesy the total destruction of the grape vine within a very few years. You are aware that the insect is so wonderfully multiplicative it has been found impossible to stamp it out. For example, one insect lays 500 eggs a month. Each egg brings forth an insect that lays 500 eggs within the month. Thus if we have one insect to start with in May, we have 500 in June, 250,000 in July, 62,500,000 in August, and so on in geometrical ratio. Now, I believe an immense injury has been done to thousands of people, who, by false representation, have been induced to immigrate to the far West. In fact, I know it to be so. California is a very poor country for a poor man—everything is dear here but fruit. Grass will not grow except in small and specially favored spots where there is plenty of water—it is sand, pure sand, all through, with some sparse vegetation in the way of sage brush or wild corn. The wheat crop makes no show in comparison with other States. Even as far east as middle and western Kansas, the immigrants and various colonies of settlers who have made their homes there, are about as badly off as they can be. It is impossible to raise a crop with so little rain, and the farms will not pay for irrigation. I hold it is a crime to induce immigrants to settle by the colored and exaggerated stories that agents make it their business to spread over the country.

THE IMPORTATION OF CATTLE.

The United States Treasury Department has issued a circular in regard to the importation of neat cattle, which, after quoting the laws on the subject, says, although Secs. 2494 and 2495 of the Revised Statutes, as incorporated in the act of March 3, 1883, are not materially changed, they have the force of new law, and the Secretary of the Treasury, by virtue thereof, hereby gives public notice that he has officially determined that the importation of neat cattle, subject to the conditions hereinafter prescribed, will not tend to the introduction or spread of contagious or infectious diseases among the cattle of the United States. The operations of the sections of law prohibiting the importation of neat cattle, and the hides of neat cattle in the United States are therefore suspended, but upon the condition that importers and owners of neat cattle shall submit to abide by such orders and regulations as the Secretary of the Treasury has prescribed, or may, from time to time, prescribe, to carry out the above laws into effect. All existing orders of the Department under the sections which have been revised, will remain in force under the present provisions, except as herein modified. All neat cattle arriving in the United States from any part of the world, except North or South America, will be subjected to a quarantine of ninety days, counting from the date of shipment. As the Dominion of Canada maintains quarantine for all imported cattle, no quarantine for cattle imported from Canada is provided; for general information it is deemed proper to state that permanent arrangements have been completed for quarantine accommodations of neat cattle. At Deering, for Portland, Me., for about 215 head; at Waltham, for Boston, Mass., for about 300 head; at Garfield, N. J., for New York, for about 450 head; and at Baltimore, Md., for about 350 head, full grown animals. These arrangements will be extended as may be deemed necessary.

It is obviously impossible to provide at each port for all the cattle that may be imported in the whole country; and the importers of cattle, therefore, in order to secure accommodations at the port where the cattle are imported, should give notice to the Collector of the expected importation, so as to secure quarantine accommodations, which will be provided in the order in which notice thereof is given. If, owing to lack of accommodations, cattle cannot be quarantined at the port where they arrive, they will be transferred at the expense of the importer to some other quarantine station where sufficient accommodations do exist, preference being given to stations where there is no danger of infection. Where there are more than one station for quarantine than the regular government stations can accommodate, especial arrangements for quarantine outside the stations may be made by the Collector of port where they arrive, upon consultation with the Cattle Commission or the Superintendent in charge. The order by which importers have been allowed to quarantine cattle at such points as they might select where cattle could be transported by water, is rescinded, and all imported cattle will be quarantined at the government stations, except as above provided. Consular officers abroad, to whom this circular may be sent, are requested to bring its contents to the notice of shippers of cattle, so that they may be fully informed of the regulations of this department upon the subject before making shipments.

TEA AND COFFEE.

If the question were asked, which is the most popular drink, tea or coffee, which is used by the greatest number of people and of which is the largest quantity consumed in the world, nine out of ten persons would answer in favor of tea. Yet the reverse is conspicuously true. The value of the world's production of coffee is set down as $243,325,000 in the wholesale market, while the value of the tea of China was $44,401,802 in 1881. Japan sent us in that year $8,460,597 worth, and we are by far the largest purchaser from that country. India produced $12,000,000 worth in 1881. From all other countries the supply is small. The world does not raise more than $70,000,000 worth of tea in a prosperous year. The value of the coffee crop of the year is much more than three times that of tea.

In the United States coffee is much more popular than tea, but the difference in consumption as measured in money is not so great as the average of the world. In 1882 we imported $19,392,102 worth of coffee. These figures go to show that we consume more than a quarter of all the tea in the world, and one-fifth of all the coffee raised. Measured in pounds in 1882 the consumption of the people of the United States was of coffee 8.25 pounds for each person of the population, and of tea only 1.46 pounds. At the same time the average wholesale price of coffee was 9.8 cents a pound and of tea 24.6 cents. So that the cost of coffee for each person was 80.8 cents a year, and of tea 35.9 cents. But the price of coffee in 1882 was exceptionally low. For five years previous it averaged 14.2; a more fair statement would be an annual cost of $1.17 for each person for coffee, to 35.9 for tea.

The consumption of these articles keeps pace with the growth of the country in wealth and prosperity. Thus in 1821, the first year for which the bureau of statistics gives returns, the American people consumed only 1.29 pounds of coffee for each person, and only .46 of one pound of tea. So since that year the use of coffee has been multiplied by nearly seven, and that of tea by more than three.

During the same period the average cost of coffee has fallen from 20.2 cents a pound, to 9.8 cents, while tea was 24.6 cents in 1821, was 24.6 cents in 1882, altho' it rose to 37.7 cents, in 1874, and fell to 14.1 cents in 1849. During this period the duties on coffee have been five cents on the pound from 1821 to 1830, two cents in 1831, one cent in 1832, and then they were repealed and coffee was free until 1861, when a war duty was imposed of four cents a pound, and increased to five cents for 1862, then reduced to three cents in 1871, and then coffee was again placed on the free list where it remains.

On tea the duties were from 12 for Bohea to 50 cents for Gunpowder a pound, under the act of 1824; from 14 to 68 cents under the act of 1825; from 12 to 50, and again from 4 to 25, in 1828; and from 14 to 68 and then from 6 to 37 in 1830. It was then placed on the free list, except for a charge for foreign bottoms. In 1861 a duty of ten cents a pound was imposed, and this was repealed 1871, and tea has since been on the free list. The general effect of the removal of duties has been either to reduce the price or to prevent an advance which would follow increased consumption. At first it has sometimes happened, that as in 1872, either a falling off in the crop or a combination between speculators prevents the direct result, but after a while competition works its natural consequence and the consumer receives the benefit of the change.

China and Japan furnish us nearly all of our tea. Our coffee comes from Brazil chiefly, $29,220,151 worth in 1882, but the other parts of South America, the West Indies, Central America and Mexico, also contribute to our markets, while Asia sends us about one-twentieth of our supply. The money we pay for the coffee of Brazil exceeds by $10,000,000 annually our total payments to all the world for tea.

Coffee and not tea is therefore the fashionable drink of the world, and only in less degree of the American people; and Brazil is more important to us in supplying us with a beverage "which cheers but not inebriates," than China and Japan combined.—*Utica Herald.*

AN ENORMOUS WASTE OF PROPERTY

During the month of July the aggregate loss of property by fire was $8,100,000 in this country. The loss by fire during the six months which ended June 30th, was $44,500,000 which was about $700,000 less than the average for a like period during several years past. But the loss last July was larger than that of any July since the year of the Portland fire. The business community is always sensitive respecting the loss of property by reason of business failures, and yet the losses from that source are not so large during seasons of average prosperity, as they are by fire in the same length of time. The fact that the loss by fires, nine-tenths of which are the results of carelessness, in any given period during the past four years, have been greater than the losses by business failures, is one which should attract public attention and lead to an inquiry whether or not something cannot be done to reduce the amount of property which now goes up every day in smoke, and leaves no evidence of value except a pile of ashes. Accidents will happen, but those which are in the nature of fires can be reduced at least 75 per cent, if every body would be careful about the use of fire. Faulty construction has much to do with losses by fire. For this there seems to be no excuse, because any person who knows enough of building materials to put them together in the shape of a house, should, and doubtless does, know when he is exposing inflammable substances to the danger of conflagration. Doubtless a very large percentage of the losses by fire are due to the carelessness of the occupants of buildings. A match is thrown away while burning, a lamp is left where it will come in contact with inflammable matter, a little bunch of woolen rags which has been saturated with oil, is thrown into a dark corner, a hot fire is left in a stove, ashes full of living coals are set away in wooden vessels, the stub of a cigar is thrown where it will ignite a bit of cotton waste, or paper, the smoker of a pipe carries it in his mouth to the hay mow, or into the shop where the floor is covered with shavings or other combustible material. If such careless habits as these were stopped, the number of fires would be reduced by one-half. If employers should require those in their service to be frequently reminded of the dangers which attend the careless use of fire, and make an example of those who persist in such carelessness the shrinkage of property by fires would be very largely stopped.—*Journal.*

HORRORS AT ISCHIA.—The state of affairs at Ischia is worse now than ever, says a London cable of the 4th inst. At first it was decided to cover the whole scene of the earthquake with chloride of lime to protect the living in their necessary work among the ruins, so great and deadly had become the stench arising from the bodies of the more than 6000 beings known to have perished. But when it was found that scores of living people were entombed in the ruins, the plan of wholesale disinfection was abandoned. Today a man was rescued alive from the ruins, and the effluvia that followed from the crevice, which his person had acted upon as a tight-fitting cork, over-powered his rescuers, all of whom fainted. There can be no doubt that many persons still remain alive in the Ischia ruins. It is probable that all those remaining alive tomorrow will be abandoned to their fate, as every part of the scene has ceased to be endurable. Scarcely a rescuer is left who is able to resist the terrible vomitings compelled by the indescribable stenches now prevalent. The entire island has been almost constantly shaken by series of intermittent shocks ever since the great disaster of last Sunday. Strange to say the odors, which will now render further rescues impossible and drive the force of humanitarians from this once beautiful island will probably let in the horde of Italian brigands, who will hover about in sufficient numbers to pass any probable guard, waiting their chances to rush on the scene for any plunder.

MRS. Grundy viciously reports to the New York *Mail* that ladies at the summer hotels hire much of the embroidery upon which they seem to be working.

SQUEAMISHNESS.—There is a certain fastidiousness among some people which is greatly shocked at seeing the terms diabetes, Bright's Disease, albumenaria, or even liver or kidneys, in print. They would fain forget that they had a liver or kidneys, or were subject to disorders of these organs. All of which would be well, if such ignorance or fastidiousness could drive these diseases away. The true way to banish reference to them is to employ Hunt's Remedy, the great kidney and liver medicine, to cure them, and then all mention of them will cease of itself. So long as flesh is heir to such ills, we must tell of the one great specific, Hunt's Remedy, that meets these ills and overcomes them.

A PORTUGUESE doctor asserts that he has cured seven cases of hydrophobia by rubbing garlic into the wound and giving the patient a decoction of garlic to drink for several days.

The World Abroad.

SUMMARY OF LATEST FOREIGN DISPATCHES.

Great Britain.

Parliament is expected to close by the 23d inst.

In the House of Commons last week Mr. Evelyn Ashley, under colonial secretary, stated that the papers relative to the indemnity for the violence done to American fishermen at Fortune Bay, were being prepared. The government, he said, had received no answer from the United States concerning the proposition for joint measures to prevent a recurrence of similar troubles. In the same connection, referring to the proposed arrangement between Switzerland and

Poetry.

From Cassell's Magazine.

THE OUTER AND THE INNER LIFE.

BY JOHN FRANCIS WALLER.

"That within which passeth show."—*Hamlet.*

There is a song within the lyre
That never yet was sung;
Unborn it lies upon each wire
That loosely hangs unstrung,
Until the minstrel's hand shall strain
The slackened cords in tune again,
The bard's creative spirit give
That song a vocal soul to live.

There is a form the marble holds
Beneath its surface rude,
Deep in its unhewn heart it folds
Beauty no eye has viewed,
Until the sculptor's hand shall scale
Each layer off that stony veil,
Until at last shall stand displayed
The perfect form of loveliest maid.

There is a poem never told
Within the poet's soul,
Like fabled streams o'er beds of gold
Beneath the earth that roll,
Until some spell resistless wake
The soul in rhythmic song to break,
As bursts the stream into the light,
Bubbling with golden glory bright.

There is a love—nor tongue nor lips
E'er told its deep desire;
Burning the heart it silence keeps
Like subterranean fire,
Until some mighty passion-gust
Breaks through the outward icy crust,
And burning lava-words reveal
That love the heart would fain conceal.

The song's unsung, unhewn the stone,
The poet's rhyme untold,
The hidden fire of love unshown
Beneath the surface cold.
'Tis better thus: the secret kept,
The wound unseen, the woe unwept,
The outer life's deceitful show,
The inner life that none may know.

The Story Teller.

From the Congregationalist.

UNCLE ABEL.

BY REBECCA H. DAVIS.

It is proper, I believe, to symbolize either a town or a country by the figure of a young woman; but if Tarrytown had ever chosen a presiding genius, it must have taken the shape of Abel Dowrex. He was Tarrytown itself. All the bigotry, the intolerable self-conceit, and the kindly feeling of that mountain village, lived and moved in the lean figure of the old bachelor.

The Dowrexes were Tarrytown at the beginning; and the beginning of Tarrytown ran dimly back, we all vaguely felt, behind prehistoric ages. The cave-man, if we had ever heard of him, would have been held as a modern interloper beside our old families.

It was President Madison, I think, who gave the post-office to one of the later Dowrexes, and a member of the family had held the post ever since. Uncle Abel had been our postmaster for forty years. No other Democrat would have taken the office while he lived, and there was not a whig in the town to take it.

The one street of the village ran, as everybody knows, down one steep hill and up another. The old Dowrex house, bedded in its orchard and garden, stood in the bottom of the cup, in the very centre of everything. Sitting in his porch under the big sycamore, tilted back in his hickory chair, Abel could look up either slope into the front yard of every house in town. Whenever Squire Plunkett's wife, in the big house on the top of the hill, had chicken pie for dinner, she would hang a red bandanna handkerchief on the pump-handle, which was the sign for Abel to come up. Everybody knew how fond he was of chicken pie, and everybody sent for him when that good Pennsylvania dish was on the table.

Tarrytown was a hospitable place. It was the universal habit to lay one more cover than was needed for every meal, "in case somebody should drop in;" and we dropped in on each other incessantly. Nobody was so likely to come as the grave postmaster, his lean shanks lost in the baggy, nut-colored clothes, and his brown wig set, like a thatch, atop of the wizened face, and nobody was more welcome. But when anybody was in trouble, or "out of sorts," and wanted heartening, he was sure to find his way down to the Dowrex house near to supper time. Crossing the porch, you came to Uncle Abel in his warm, snug little office, seated with some old crony over the fire. His father had sat in that split-back chair, with its sheepskin cushion. Abel took it the day the old Squire died, and then and there became head of the family. At his back was the cherry-wood case, with its twenty pigeon-holes, in which, time out of mind, a Dowrex had kept the letters of Tarrytown. Precisely as the clock struck six, the tea-bell tingled inside.

"For fifty years," Abel was used to say, "the tea-bell has rung on the stroke of six. I have brought Sister Sarah into tolerably regular habits, though she is still inclined to be giddy. These girls, you know!"

Aunt Sarah was two years younger than Abel. As the tea-bell rang, she opened the door and stood on the threshold with, "Come, brother," dropping a welcoming courtesy to to the inevitable "dropper-in." There were not many hints of giddiness in the frail old figure, with its brown gown and white handkerchief, or the sweet, smiling face set in bands of white hair. But it was Abel's humor to consider her as still the gay and frivolous young beauty whom our grandmothers remembered.

The keeping-room behind the office was Aunt Sarah's domain. There was the glittering brass fender and scuttle, (every lump of coal in it washed and wiped before it was admitted to that spotless retreat,) there were her geraniums in the window, and her rocking chair and Bible, and Jay's Devotions; and there was the cosy table spread, and a cup of tea such as no other pot ever brewed, and Hannah bringing in her famous griddle cakes from the kitchen. Hannah was as gray and feeble as her mistress, but she had been known as Dowrex's "bound girl," for half a century. The dish of gossip waiting for you was as fine in quality as the tea. Never had a black mark been left on the character of any human being by a single word of this gentle old couple, yet they handled in their talk every day, the lives of all Tarrytown for generations. They had nothing else to think of. They had never been twenty miles from home. They cared nothing for books. The United States, England, Asia, were, in fact, to them only so many splashes of color on the maps. The world was Tarrytown. Indeed, heaven itself, to which their father and mother, and so many familiar folk—Plunketts and Fairlambs and Bassetts—had gone, was a much more real place, and nearer to Abel than any foreign country. "Father has five children, Sarah and me are here, and the others have gone on to the "Good Man," was his homely way of stating it.

Being an idle man, for he had a little income which kept him comfortably, and having no knowledge of books, or any science or craft, all of his energy and large tenderness and sympathy went, during his whole life, to his neighbors. The mere fact that all of their intercourse with the outside world came through him gave him a peculiar hold on them. He indexed their lives by his pigeon-holes.

"That's the Bassett box," tapping on the gilt "45." "I used to put the old Judge's love letters in that. One every Monday, though postage was ten cents, then. Miss Katharine Dix down in Bently was the lady, mother of Henry Bassett. I remember the first letter he writ to his cousin Susy, her as he married. Tut, he told me all about it when nobody in Tarrytown suspicioned a thing. 'Abel,' he says, giving me the letter privately, 'wish me good luck!' Well, he had it. Tut! the letters I've stamped and put in the bag, and threw an old shoe after, so to speak! Folks mostly tell me what they're writing about when it's of importance."

That was quite true. Oddly enough, all of the boys and girls in their love affairs made a confidant of the ugly, bewigged old bachelor, and when there was sickness or trouble in any house, the first messenger sent for was Uncle Abel.

"D'ye see that box? Number nine? There was a queer letter came in that, once. The Widow Fairlamb's Zack ran off to sea, and left a note saying he had gone to embark on the brig Victory, Haines, master. She was a sickly little body, and Zack was all she had, so nobody had the heart to tell her that it would be a good riddance. But we all thought it. He was a lazy dog, Zack. She got a map and she wrote letters to every seaport where American ships would put in, directed to 'United States Brig Victory, Haines, master,' begging him to come home. I encouraged her, though I knowed it was of no use. But it kept her alive, you see. I gave her that box, number nine, and I says, 'As sure as a letter comes I'll put it in there.' She come every mail day, and would look in and go away again without a word. So Sister Sarah and the neighbors they heard of it, and they fell into the habit of putting a trifle in, a pound of tea, or a bunch of sage or balm, or a pie, or the like. So it went on for five years, and that poor soul had sent out hundreds of letters. I reckon most of her earnings went in postage. Well, one day when Sam drove up in the buggy with the mare, who should get out of it but Zack, big and fat, and a goatee on his chin. He hadn't been to sea at all, but had gone down to Alleghany country and set to work rafting to Orleans, and had a streak of luck. 'I've as pretty a farm and house at McKeesport as you'd wish to see,' he said, 'and I've come home for my mother.' So I told him about the box. 'There she comes, down the hill,' I said; and then nothing would suit him but he must go inside and hide. Zack always was a crazy, joking fellow. And when she looked in the box there was his red face staring out at her. That," Abel would say, taking off his wig to rub his shining pate, "was as pleasant a day as I ever enjoyed. After they were gone, Doc Hipple took the box."

"One of the Hipples went astray, I think?" somebody ventured.

But Abel's face was stolid. "They are all doing well, the Hipples. Fine, pithy men," was his reply.

But everybody in Tarrytown knew that when Joe Hipple took to drinking, and was turned out of doors by his father, old Abel followed the boy and found him in the swamp, and carried him home and nursed him back to life. More than that, he and Sarah kept Joe for four months in their house, maintaining so strict a watch over him day and night that he could not get a drop of liquor. Everybody knew, too, the sacrifice which it must have been to the orderly, dainty old people, to bring this poor drunkard with his filthy habits to their hearth. But the result was that Joe was cured, and actually became the "fine, pithy man" in whom Abel exulted.

When the war broke out, half a dozen young Fairlambs and Bassetts went down to Philadelphia to join the Northern army. I am afraid that this fact was Uncle Abel's only clear idea of the matter. He cared nothing for slavery, or States rights, or politics, or anything else so far outside of Tarrytown. "The South" only meant to him Charley Plunkett, who, thirty years ago, had gone to Texas, and the Squire's cousin Jane, who had taught and married in Georgia. That the boys should go to fight these kinsfolk was terrible in his eyes.

In the second winter the women of Tarrytown made up some boxes of comforts for the "boys," blankets, mittens, jellies and every kind of cake. When they were ready, a town meeting was held, and it was decided that somebody must go with the boxes to Georgetown, where they were in camp. With one accord Uncle Abel was named as the proper messenger. "It would seem like Tarrytown itself coming to them, poor fellows," said the Widow Bassett, sobbing.

So Abel went, and the town met together once a week to read his letters, which usually covered twenty pages of letter paper, and were full of details concerning every boy. Aunt Sarah and Hannah then became their proud custodians, and were never tired of reading them to all who came, or talking them over line by line.

The regiment was ordered into Virginia, but Abel remained in Washington. Month after month passed, and yet he did not come home. Every week came a letter, cheerful, even joking, full of the news and gossip of the Capital. Squire Plunkett was beginning to tease Aunt Sarah about the frisky propensities which Uncle Abel had developed at this late day, when one morning a letter in a strange hand arrived, addressed to "The Minister of the Presbyterian Church at Tarrytown."

It was from the surgeon of a hospital in Washington, and stated that, three months before, an old man named Dowrex had been brought in, suffering from a lingering disease, which threatened to end fatally. He endured agonies of pain, and, the surgeon had discovered, had resolved to remain in the hospital and to die there, in order to spare his sister the sight of his suffering. "There is but one chance in a hundred of his recovery, and that depends on careful nursing." The letter continued: "Here he has neither the care nor comfort which is necessary, the hospital being only a temporary one intended for wounded soldiers 'in transitu.' Dowrex refused to give me his sister's address, and hence I am forced to direct as I have done."

Never had such a thunderbolt descended on Tarrytown. There was not a man in the town who would not gladly have set off to Washington that night; but a committee of five, headed by Squire Plunkett, finally took the management of the affair on themselves, and actually started on this tremendous expedition by sundown. After they were gone a strange waiting hush fell on the village. We understood for the first time what a large share old Abel had held in our lives. The coarsest boy in the hamlet seemed to appreciate the story of sacrifice brought in the letter, and to know what illness and death among strangers in the bare wards of an army hospital would be to the old man whose life lay so deep rooted among his home and old neighbors. In the five days that passed before he came, every one of those old neighbors was busy in preparation for him. Every comfort which housekeepers in Tarrytown had accumulated for generations, was carried down to the Dowrex house, and, without Aunt Sarah's knowledge, a sum was raised sufficient to bring the most skilful surgeon in Philadelphia up to meet him on his arrival. Aunt Sarah, as the tension on her grew extreme, only became more quiet. She moved about, gently arranging his chair, and the pipe beside it, for the thousandth time, saying: "Only let him get into his own chair, and it will be all right. It's home, Abel wants."

When they carried him in and placed him on the old sheep-skin cushion, he looked at Sarah, then at the pigeon-holes, and then at the crowd of kind faces around him, and nodded, closing his eyes with a smile of unspeakable content.

"It's the first look of real life that he's given," said Squire Plunkett. "I shouldn't wonder if we kept him after all."

We did keep him. Whether it was the skill of the great surgeon, or the care of his old neighbors, or the mere air of home that cured him, I do not know. But at the end of six months he was going up and down the shady streets, hale and happy as ever.

But all this was twenty years ago. Uncle Abel and Aunt Sarah long ago have "gone on" to join their old friends, who live beyond the silence.

Since then I have seen the workings of Christianity in large communities, and among people of culture and powerful intellect. But whenever on Sunday I hear that canticle which tells of the "holy and humble men of heart, who praise the Lord, and magnify Him forever," I go back to ignorant old Abel Dowrex, and the irrevocable tie with which he bound together the people of his native village.

From Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.

SIS BROWN'S FORTUNE.

To begin with, I am a young person with big bones and plenty of them—and I don't care a button if my hair is red! I have good reason to know that I am not considered beautiful; that my nose, for instance—but there's really no need for such distressing details.

My father, Peter Brown—the best farmer living in all Fairfax, be the dead one whom he may—is the unfortunate possessor of 13 children, every single one of them girls—and the married ones, too, for that matter! Of course, girls are all very well as far as they go, but one gets too much of a good thing sometimes, and so when poor pa takes a notion to upbraid fate because all his boys turned out girls, I must say I rebel against the decree that condemns me to slavish frocks and frizzes. Most good folks sing out that they want to carry harps and be angels, but I—if only I were Peter Brown, junior, and had a farm like pa! I don't blame ma, of course, but I really do think the even dozen ought to have contented her—and, what's more, I say so, when pa and I get beyond the subduing influence of her eye—for there's nothing trifling about ma's eye!

When pa and ma's love was young, and there future a rose-colored rose—there! I've heard pa say it a dozen times, but when a girl happens to be shackled with a memory like a boy's pocket, upside down and the middle nowhere, and got that memory from her ma, I suppose there's to be allowances—anyhow, the first girls got the benefit of it all in the way of mugs, and corals, and names as fine as needles; then there came such a disastrous lull in pa's enthusiasm that ma says, when he panted in from the fields one hot noon and found our dear old twins waiting, instead of his dinner, it set him so frantic that he threatened to bunch the whole family together like a string of fish and do a dark and desperate deed. But ma just kept on having her own way—which means girls—until by the time she wound up the home circle with me—at your service—she had so worn her intellect down at the heels thinking up double-barreled names for the other dozen, that she handed my christening over to pa, and pa everlastingly disgraced himself, in my estimation, by heartlessly calling me Sis—absolutely nothing but Sis!

If I had been a boy this indignity, at least—but there are some wrongs so great that the only thing one can conveniently do is to forgive them! But, though pa has been cheated of his bishops and senators and things (poor dear, he never dreams that sons of his might have turned out farmers like himself, only not half so good) the girls have certainly made up his loss in husbands. Indeed, pa seems to have more sons-in-law than he knows quite what to do with—and as to grandsons!

"If one could only feed them like chickens!" sighs poor ma, plaintively.

"If one could only kill them like chickens, you mean," I retort vindictively.

After that little business talk pa and I had behind the barn I've settled in my mind that the Browns have got to economize—and I mean to start with the grandchildren by way of a noble beginning.

"Now, look here ma," I say to the dear old soul who is already staring at me with big anxious eyes, like a hen with her feathers ruffled, "this thing has gone on long enough, and I just mean to hitch old Calico to the cart and dump every scrap of a grandchild at his own lawful door—I do! It's downright mean in the girls to impose on us in this everlasting way—as if there wasn't work enough of our own——"

"There, there, sis," interrupts ma, pathetically, "they only mean to please pa—"

"And a nice way they take to do it! Pa's an old man now, and after pinching and slaving all his life for us army of girls, what right have they to keep him pinching and slaving to the last? Oh, you needn't look at me like that, ma, dear; children like good manners, ought to be found at home—hi, you, Tom, Dick, Harry, &c. &c.;" and when at last I have packed them in the wheezy old cart, and we go laughing, scratching and squalling down the road, I feel like the pied piper of Hamelin, only there's no hill with wide, greedy jaws waiting at the end of the trip—more's the pity!

That sounds as if Sis Brown was not fond of children; but I really am, when they come like silk frocks and other occasional luxuries, considered as every day affairs, however, if I am to be allowed a preference between the two—why, give me the locusts of Egypt and accept my grateful thanks.

When I have impartially divided their howling household gods between the eight sisters who live so uncomfortably near, the sun is sinking behind the trees in a blaze of glorious yellow. There is a long road with many leafy turnings, that Calico knows as well as I, and while she dawdles along it with a languid elegance that suits us both, I sit, tailor fashion, in the bottom of the cart, thinking, heedless of whip or rein.

I read a story once of a devil-fish crawling over the roof of a pretty cottage by some southern sea. I don't suppose there was a word of truth in it; but, some way, ever since pa made a clean breast of his troubles, I can't get that shiny, black monster out of my thoughts night or day. I should say, indeed, that a mortgage like ours was a trifle the worst of the two, because there's only one weapon to fight it, and where in the world is pa to get the first red cent of that terrible three thousand dollars? If pa had only told me in time, perhaps I might have done something heroic with my poultry—a flock of gray geese did grand things for history once on a time—but no, he kept as dumb as Cheops, until I found it all out for myself, and no thanks to anybody.

The way of it was: ma started me down to the meadow one evening last week to see what pa meant by keeping supper waiting, and when I found him leaning against the barn there as quiet and gray as the twilight shadows, why, I think the One, who doeth all things well must have put it in my heart to wake him up and tell me the matter.

There is no woman in all this big glorious world so weak as Sampson with his head shaved, and so he told me between sobs—I don't ever want to see my father cry again—how the big family had gobbled up the small earnings, and how at last there was nothing to do but borrow money on the dear, shabby old place, and now a villainous bill of some sort was coming due.

"Never mind, dad," I said, "come along to supper; I'll get you out of your fix."

I don't think pa realized at the minute—and I'm sure I did not—that I had never so much as seen a hundred dollars in all my life together, for he followed me home contentedly, put his head under the spout while I pumped, and then, with his hand on my shoulder, went into the house and ate supper enough for two! The next day pa was out of his head with a fever, and now to see him prodding about the farm with a stick in his hand and a pain in his back—poor, dear pa! Of course, the first thing that suggested itself at his bedside was blood, and plenty of it—and I did saddle Calico and race off to murder the mortgage man—but I might have saved myself the trouble, for the vile creature wasn't at home; then I turned the old man's head toward the family sons-in-law, but there wasn't a husband among them who had the cash to spare—they don't seem to spare anything quite so conveniently as children! I even decided to———

"Say, young woman!"

I am not a coward, but the creature who has brought the cart and my thoughts to such a sudden halt looks so like some great famished wolf, standing there at Calico's head, that I shiver from head to foot, and he sees it.

"You needn't be afeard," he gasps, in a rasping sort of whisper. "I haven't the strength to harm you if my will was good for murder—look at this!"

His eyes turn toward his breast—his right arm lies stiffly across it clotted with something that must be blood, and the fingers look like the flesh of a dead man.

I think he understands that I am sorry for him, for before my heart can jump back to its right place again, he drops the reins and touches his mangey cap.

"I've been skulkin' in these 'ere woods, miss, nigh onto a week, and what with starvin' and the pain o' this, I'm most about dead played out."

"If you will cut across the fields to that farm house over there," I say, kindly, I am sure—for God knows I pity him from the bottom of my heart—"I will see that you get a good supper."

"I couldn't crawl there, much less walk, and my time for suppers is over for this world, I reckon."

I am so sorry for the poor, misery-riden creature standing there in the summer twilight, with the fragrant woods all around him, and the birds chirping sleepily in the trees—so very sorry, and I tell him so.

He totters as I say it, and I am just making up my mind that Calico and I have a disagreeable job before us, when he lays one miserable hand on the wheel, and drawing his face near enough for me to see the ghastly seams that want has seared there, cries imploringly:

"There's them that are hunting me to my death; for God's sake won't you help me?"

All my life I have wanted to be a man, and now the time has come to act like one; I am rubbing Calico down in her stall—pa and I being the only men—I mean pa being the only man about the place, we do this sort of thing ourselves—when the dear old fellow hobbles down the pathway and puts his head in the door.

"Sis," he begins, with wide, excited eyes, "did you meet a big fellow down the road—a dark chap with lots of bumps, and black, frizzled whiskers?"

I had not, and I said so.

"Well, he came by here hunting up some scamp who robbed a bank in Richmond and got down to these parts with the money in his pocket and a bullet in his flesh. I started him down the main road, I wonder you didn't see him."

"I drove around by the mill," I answer quietly enough, considering I feel like a tornado; "but he won't catch his scamp tonight, dad."

"Think not? Why?"

"Because I've got him snug in the barn!"

"Goodness, gracious! then I'll just——"

Pa is making his way to warn justice as fast as his weak legs will let him, when I steady him against the stable door and take away his cane.

"Dad," I cry savagely, "I adore you, but if you take another step to harm that man why—you've only got a dozen daughters to go through the rest of your life."

"You!" gasps pa—and I wonder the wisp of straw he has been chewing does not strangle him black on the spot—"a child of mine help a thief—"

"Exactly! and she means to make you an accessory after the act. Now, see here, pa, I don't set up to be a cherub, but when a fellow-creature, starved and bleeding, asks me to help him in the name of God, why I mean to help him if I break every law in Virginia to atoms—so there!"

Pa looks stunned a bit—as I knew he would—wavers a bit, and then laying one big brown paw on my head, as I likewise expected, knowing pa's way as I do, cries stoutly—

"Spoken like a man, Sis, and now let's have a look at your villain."

When we stand at last before the poor fellow he looks so pitifully helpless stretched out there on the friendly straw, that pa's loving heart gets the best of his law-abiding principles, and he bathes the hurt arm as tenderly as if it had never been raised in crime. When pa first notices the jug of water I have brought from the spring, and carriage-robe rolled up for a pillow with the rough side in, he looks at me wonderingly for a second, and then ejaculates with most contented happiness:

"Thank God, Sis, you are only a woman, after all!"

I suppose pa means well, but it does not sound encouraging considering I've been trying to do my duty like a man. Even fathers are human!

* * * * * * *

"It's no use," moans the poor creature, when pa has done his best with the wound. "I'm goin' fast, boss, but she said they should not—touch me—"

"Don't worry, my lad," cries pa, cheerily. Right or wrong here you stay until—"

"It won't be—long—I feel it comin' fast—and hard—I would have died out there on the black roadside except for her, God bless her! If you—don't mind"—and here he looks at me so like some gaunt, faithful dog, that I lean over him by pa to catch his dying words—"if you don't mind—will you take this bag from—around my neck? It chokes me—it chokes——"

"There, there," says pa, tenderly; "and now, my lad, before you go to—sleep, tell me, does this money belong to the bank?"

"Yes, yes," cries the dying man, with an imploring glance at pa, while he tries to touch my hand with his own poor, feeble fingers; take it back, boss, and tell them—tell them—that the—reward—belongs to—her——"

* * * * * * *

Yes, that is the true and simple story of my fortune, no matter what the papers said. For a long time pa would not let me touch a penny of that $5000, but when the people at the bank insisted that business was business, I had earned the money and there it was, why——

General Miscellany.

QUA CURSUM VENTUS.

As ships, becalmed at eve, that lay
With canvas drooping, side by side,
Two towers of sail at dawn of day
Are scarce long leagues apart descried;

When fell the night, upsprung the breeze,
And all the darkling hours they plied,
Nor dreamt but each the self-same seas
By each was cleaving, side by side;

E'en so—but why the tale reveal
Of those, whom year by year unchanged,
Brief absence joined anew to feel,
Astounded, soul from soul estranged.

At dead of night their sails were filled,
And onward each rejoicing steered—
Ah, neither blame, for neither willed
Or wist, what first with dawn appeared;

To veer, how vain! On, onward strain,
Brave barks! In light, in darkness, too,
Through winds and tides one compass guides—
To that, and your own selves be true.

But O blithe breeze, and O great seas,
Though ne'er, that earliest parting past,
On your wide plain they join again,
Together lead them home at last.

One port, methought, alike they sought,
One purpose hold where'er they fare—
O boundless breeze, O rushing seas!
At last, at last, unite them there.

MIDNIGHT IN A MENAGERIE.

"Don't talk so loud," said the watchman; "you'll wake the oudad."

"The what?" asked the reporter.

"The oudad," replied the watchman; "that's what they call it; he's a lovely bird, and has a voice like a buzz saw. And when he buzzes, gosh! So let him sleep," and the watchman then led the way silently past the oudad.

"Cheese it," broke out the watchman again. "Do you hear that?" An elephant had evidently kicked his companion.

"Are the elephants apt to be very restless at night?"

"Oh, very. And when an elephant is resting, there's a good deal that's restless. They sleep on one side till that's tired, and then they flop over on the other. That was a flop over we just heard."

"What's this?" asked the reporter, pointing to something in the path.

"That," replied the watchman, following up the obstacle with his lantern, "seems to be part of a camel. But where's the rest of him? Oh, here it is. They stretch out well, don't they? Those are magnificent humps—made expressly for this circus, too. They are harmless."

"What, the humps?"

"No, the camels. And they make no noise at night unless they find shingle nails in their food. Then they complain."

"Don't get too near the business end of that thing," said the watchman, lifting up his lantern so that it was even darker than before; "that is a mule. Never interfere with a mule's plans, and in approaching him always allow for a contraction and subsequent expansion of the muscles. Next to the mule are the zebra-striped ponies. We never venture to use soap on those stripes. Here are some very rare things, and they are as queer as they are rare. They never make the slightest noise either when pleased or frightened. They are the giraffes. No one ever heard a giraffe murmur. Observe the length of their neck. What a winter resort for diphtheria! You can get something of an idea of their length of neck by picturing in your mind's eye four yards of sore throat, and the amount of vinegar and salt required for one gargle. The giraffe is indeed a difficult thing to keep; he dies so easily, and almost without provocation."

"This animal here," continued the watchman, still walking by the stalled animals, "is not, as you might have supposed, a Harlem goat. No; this is the sacred bull. It is said he was taken from the Pope."

"Is he very sacred?" asked the incredulous reporter.

"Yes; he's extremely sacred. He gets more sacred every day. The amount of reverence he inspires in his keepers, is equaled only by that of the mule."

Having reached the end of the stalled animals, the watchman announced, by a twist of his lantern, that he was about to come upon the ferocious wild beasts in cages. He then put out his lantern, and he and the reporter sat down on the railing that protects the caged animals from the spectators. It was a little early for the usual midnight roar of the animals, but not half so early as the visitor had thought, for soon there came from the cage back of them a noise that startled both of them out of a week's growth. It was the greeting of an African lion.

It only required the roar of one lion with good lungs to start the whole menagerie. That beautiful bird called the emu was the first to reply to the lion's call. The reply was nothing more than a mild form of sneeze, but it went a great way. And in less time than it takes to record it, the congregation of animals that were endowed with any sort of an apparatus for making a racket, had tuned their pipes and were blowing and bellowing to see which could make the most noise. It was a lively place to be in without any light. But that did not seem to make any difference to the animals. The baboon barked, and the rainoceros grunted. And the louder they barked and grunted, the louder the lions and tigers roared. Then the elephants joined in the general disorder, and when they all united in the chorus there was no peace for the wicked. One elephant is usually considered sufficient to supply one family with all the noise it wants; but when twenty elephants lift up their voices in one sympathetic lamentation, nothing but the deepest coal mine could ever furnish a safe harbor or a sure retreat. Add to this the hair-splitting noises of the cockatoos and the macaws, the mournful lowing of the Nubian rhinoceros, and the unparalleled snore of the hippopotamus, and the effect is appalling. The watchman looked at the reporter and the reporter eyed the watchman. Neither could speak. And it would not have made any difference if they had spoken. They might have roared until they were black in the face, and still not have made themselves heard. Each grasped the other's hand and bolted for the entrance with as much haste as though pursued by the whole menagerie.—*New York Tribune.*

OLD CLOCKS.

Longfellow, in his "Hyperion," tells us that on the belfry of the Kauthaus in Coblentz, is a huge head, with a brazen helmet and a beard, and whenever the clock strikes, at each stroke of the hammer his giant's head opens its great jaws and smites its teeth together as if it would say, "Time was—Time is past!" This figure is known in all the country round as "The man in the custom-house," and when a friend from the country meets a friend from Coblentz instead of saying, "How are all the good people in Coblentz?" he says, "How is the man in the custom-house?"

Another very remarkable clock is found at Prague, built probably by some of the old Nuremburg artists. It stands near the old Hussite Church. The clock itself forms part of the original tower, while the face or dial is exposed to the street. The dial is six or eight feet in diameter, and has a great number of hands, recording hours, minutes, days, months, years and even centuries. The dial is set in an elaborate frame-work, about eight feet high and fifteen long, and this metal frame-work is ornamented with many curious and quaint devices. One of these is connected with the striking of the hours.

In Venice may be found another wonderful clock. On the dial-plate of this, in St. Mark's Cathedral, the twenty-four hours are marked with the signs of the zodiac and the phases of the moon. Above this is the Madonna, sitting in state upon a platform between two doors. On grand religious festivals the door on the right of the Virgin opens, and out walks an angel with a big trumpet, which he blows, and then bowing to the Madonna passes on. He is followed by three men, representing the three wise men of the East, one of whom is as black as night. These all pause and bow before the Virgin, and then pass through the door on her left, which closes after them. On the platform is a huge bell, beside which stand two giant figures, who strike the hours with sledge-hammers, while above all is the Lion of St. Mark, with outstretched wings.

In an old record is found the following account of a remarkable Japanese time-keeper: "This clock, in a frame three feet high and five long, represented a noon landscape of great loveliness. In the foreground were plum and cherry trees and rich plants in full bloom; in the rear a hill, gradual in ascent, from which flowed a cascade, admirably imitated in crystal. From this point a thread-like stream glided along, encircling in its windings rocks and tiny islands, but presently losing itself in a far-off stretch of woodland. In the sky turned a golden sun, indicating, as it passed, the striking hours, which were all marked upon the frame below, where a slowly creeping tortoise served as a hand. A bird of exquisite plumage, resting on a plum tree branch, by its wings proclaimed the expiration of each hour. When the song ceased a mouse sprang from a grotto near by, and running over the hill hastily disappeared."

But it is said that Droz, a mechanic of Geneva, produced a clock which excelled all others in its marvellousness. On it were seated a negro, a shepherd and a dog. When the clock struck, the shepherd played six tunes on his flute, and the dog approached and fawned upon him. The King of Spain came to see this wonderful invention, and was delighted beyond measure. "The gentleness of my dog," said Droz, "is his least merit; if your Majesty touch one of the apples which you see in the shepherd's basket, you will admire the animal's fidelity." The King took an apple, upon which the dog flew at his hand, barking so loudly and so naturally that another dog which had come into the room began to bark also. The courtiers became terrified, thinking this must be an affair of witchcraft, and crossing themselves, hastily departed. Only one ventured to remain, and Droz requested him to ask the negro what time it was. He did so in Spanish, but received no reply. Droz remarked that the negro had not learned Spanish, and the question was repeated in French, when the negro immediately replied. This frightened the questioner quite out of his wits, and he, too, beat a hasty retreat, sure that the whole thing must be of the devil.—*Church and People.*

CÆSAR'S LOGS NOT USED FOR PIANOS.

A *Tribune* representative called on one of the leading piano manufacturers of the city a few days ago, and found that white-haired worthy in his office, chuckling to himself, and apparently enjoying the contents of a Hartford paper which he was reading.

"What nonsense, clever men—for I suppose all newspaper men are clever—can write at times," was his salutation. Now just listen to this which I find printed as an extract from a German paper, the title of which is judiciously withheld," and he read about as follows:

"A piano firm in Berlin has bought the oaken piles which have just been taken out of the Rhine at Mayence, and which are said to be the original timbers of the bridge which Julius Cæsar constructed."

"And then the silly fellow goes on to say that worm-eaten and decayed logs make the best sounding boards for pianos, and that 'Within a few years piano firms have sent agents through Connecticut to find fallen and partly-decayed chestnut logs, and such timber has been sold at good prices.' Did you ever hear the like? Why, the sounding-board of a piano has in the first place to be made out of a soft wood such as spruce, in the next it has to be so sound that the surface is like satin, and in the last would be utterly useless were there a suspicion even of a worm-hole. So you see of how much value Mr. Cæsar's oaken logs would be for piano sounding-boards.

"All the woods used in the manufacture of these 'boxes of music' you see in my warerooms, have to be as thoroughly seasoned as the oldest toper in the city of New York. Now you know that wheelwrights very often sink their wood at the bottom of a running stream and leave it there for months at a time. When it is taken out and dried, it is found that all the sap and natural juices of the wood have been washed out, and as the water is very soon evaporated, warping becomes a matter of impossibility. Perhaps it was some vague idea of that sort that caused the scribe on the German paper to imagine that a soaking of nineteen centuries in the Rhine would make the wood nearly perfect for piano-manufacturing purposes."

"What about the Connecticut chestnut trees?"

"I guess that's meant as a joke. To tell you the honest truth, we do use a little chestnut wood, which, though well-seasoned, is rather worm-eaten, but that is because we get it very cheap. We use it for the bottom boards which are quite out of sight, and are only used to prevent the entrance of dust into the body of the instrument. I once tried to veneer some wood of that description, but found that in a short time the position of each minute hole was plainly discernable on the surface of the veneer when the light fell on it. But one thing you may be sure of, and that is if any one offers you some decayed oak piles cheap, don't think you will make money out of them by re-selling them to a piano manufacturer. We've plenty of dead wood in the trade without wanting any of that sort."

The conversation then drifted over to the details of the manufacture generally, and the reporter learned that a piano passes through about a dozen hands in old-fashioned shops, and through thirty or forty in the monster establishments of later date, where fifty or sixty instruments a week are turned out. He also learned that the wages paid to workmen vary from ten dollars to thirty dollars a week; that the highest paid mechanic is the "tone adjuster," who gets from thirty-five dollars to fifty dollars, and whose work is most delicate, difficult and important. That a "kit" of tools sometimes costs as much as fifty dollars, but only when the owner is proficient in several branches. That the majority of those employed are Germans, Danes or Swedes, native-born Americans being at a discount, as they will not work for the amount of wages the foreigners are satisfied with, and besides, as a rule, they have not learned their trade so thoroughly. That the present system of the sub-division of labor renders those who have learned their trade at one shop, useless at another, in case of a strike. Many other curious facts, as a cataloguer would say. "Too numerous to mention," were also imparted, and the reporter took his leave feeling that he knew all about a piano—except how to play on it.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

ANOTHER FORGER WHO WAS NOT PARDONED.

"Going to the store" was then (in 1809) not only a great privilege, but an affair of a high holiday and solemn responsibility. The store was about seven miles down the river, in the town of Lisle. It was a branch of the establishment of General Ransom Rathbun of Oxford, Chenango county, and was kept by his brother, a young man whose fine person and fashionable style of dress were the subject of remark and admiration among his wondering rural customers. Whenever a rustic matron returned from the store, her family and the nearest neighbors would assemble to listen with absorbing interest to her recital of the marvelous things she had seen and heard. The young merchant became in after years an historical personage, being the Benjamin Rathbun whose enormous forgeries at Buffalo occasioned startling excitement throughout the State. After his conviction a movement was made for a pardon. The feeling in his favor was so strong that besides thousands of respectable men of western New York, who signed petitions to Governor Seward, seven distinguished citizens of Buffalo whose names had been forged as indorsers to Rathbun's notes, wrote letters asking for the pardon. But the governor was inflexible and Rathbun served out his term. He was subsequently the keeper of a hotel in the city of New York. His life in all other respects was a useful and honorable one.

In 1867, Mr. Rathbun, then about 80 years old, kept the hotel corner of Broadway and Forty-second street, where, on my way to and from the park, I occasionally called on him. In referring, as he did without embarrassment, to the unfortunate termination of his Buffalo speculations, he commended Governor Seward warmly for his firmness in denying the strong appeal made for his (Rathbun's, pardon. Anxious as he then was to be released, time and reflection, he said, had shown him not only that his punishment was just, but that the governor would have done wrong in showing a leniency to him which was refused to hundreds whose offences were much lighter.—*From Thurlow Weed's autobiography.*

A KIDNAPPING FEMALE CAT.

Cats are not usually regarded as models of propriety or honesty. They will remain out late o' nights, and they will steal whenever the opportunity to secure a palatable mouthful presents itself. But there is a cat residing with a very respectable family in Salem street, that caps the climax of feline crime. It is a female cat, but its sex does not protect it from the charge of brigandage which has been proven against it. She is a kidnapper of other cats' kittens; a veritable four-footed rival of the abductors of Charlie Ross. About six weeks ago she produced a family of twins, but the master of the house, being a member of the Society for the repression of over-production in cats, consigned them to a watery grave. The mother was disconsolate for a few days, but her grief soon disappeared, and she lapped her milk and ate her pickings with as much relish as she did before the maternal event. Early one morning she was sitting in the woodshed, waiting for the family to rise and open the door. They had no sooner done so than puss disappeared, only to return in about half an hour with what appeared to be a rat in her mouth. She made her way to the kitchen, where the lady of the house was preparing breakfast, and laying the prize at her feet, purred and rubbed against her dress with every demonstration of pride and delight. Then the lady saw that the supposed rat was a kitten not more than two days old, but where or how the cat became possessed of it, is a mystery. That she had made a descent upon the offspring of some cat more favored, was evident, and it is quite possible that the robbery was only accomplished after a fierce struggle, during which the blind kitten was lacerated. Puss tried hard to nurse her forcibly adopted child, but the length of time elapsing since she was deprived of her own offspring, rendered that impossible, and so the kitten was drowned.—*Lowell Citizen.*

TABBY IN A NEW ROLE.—An English paper says that indispensable animal, the cat, has been put to a new use at the gardens of Mr. James Howard, M. P., Clapham Park, Bedfordshire. The house and grounds are bounded to the north and east by Clapham Wood, a portion of the primeval forest, and as this ancient fox covert abounds with birds, Mr. Howard found strawberry-raising a tantalizing pursuit. He therefore stretched a wire between two posts at each end of the strawberry beds. A cat, wearing a leather collar, is attached by a string to an iron ring, loose upon the overhead wire, allowing her to roam from end to end, a furrow being left for the purpose down the centre of the be